

SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR DECEMBER, 1809.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Essays, biographical, critical, and historical, illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler, and of the various periodical Papers, which, in imitation of the Writings of Steele and Addison, have been published between the close of the Eighth Volume of the Spectator, and the commencement of the Year 1809. By Nathan Drake, M. D. Author of Literary Hours. 4 vols. octavo. London.

PERIODICAL papers devoted to elegant literature and popular instruction, exhibiting pictures of the manners of the age, constitute a species of literary composition, which with pride and fondness we pronounce to have originated in this country. Our author ascribes the honour of the invention to Steele. With him, however, it seems to have been nothing more than one of those fanciful projects which he easily embraced and easily relinquished. The invention seems more fairly due to Addison, who having amassed materials with the assiduity of a student, came prepared to rescue periodical composition from the dregs of politicks and polemicks—and to give a new direction to the national taste.

Dr. Drake opens his work by an essay which describes the state of literature and manners in this island, at the commencement of the Tatler. There was a theatre, which inculcated debauchery as a duty, and immorality as a grace; men of the highest rank indulged in amusements which are now confined to the low-

est; women were either the frivolous idols of the toilette, or the solemn drudges of the housekeeper's room. Science, which had felt some encouragement from the gayety of Charles, was neglected by the phlegmatick William, and ridiculed in the first years of Anne; and it was not wonderful that our women could not spell, when it may be said, that our men had not yet learnt to read.

The popular effects produced by these papers is unequalled in the history of literature. They made us a people of readers, of thinkers, and of writers, and they gave a new direction to the literature of Europe. Dr. Drake, has produced some striking evidence of their influence from two interesting contemporary pamphlets.

"Every morning their readers were instructed in some new principle of duty, which was endeared to them by the beauties of description, and impressed on their minds in the most indelible characters."

"All the pulpit discourses of a year scarce produced half the good as flowed from the Spectator of a day."—"These writings here set all our wits and men of letters,

upon a new way of thinking, of which they had but little or no notion before—Every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since."

Some facts, however, relative to this period, have escaped his industry. Budgell declares, that 20,000 of the Spectators have been sold in one day. They penetrated even to the Highlands, and were read with the news of the week, by the grave politicians who met after church on Sundays, to arrange national affairs. They were soon imitated, and their very titles copied, throughout Europe. The lethargick Hollander awoke to a *Spectator*, by Van Effen; the French had their *Babillard*; and the Germans their *Guardian*. This last, printed at Hamburgh, found a heavy sale, till the writers inserted translations of the English Spectators, when the demand for it rapidly and widely increased. At that time, it was a tribute paid to wit, somewhat unexpected from Germany.

The bold feature in "this new manner of writing," as it was called, is the dramatick plan which Addison adopted with all the felicity of genius, and which has become the despair of his imitators! By the invention of a *dramatis personæ*, of opposite humours and pursuits, as in the club of the Spectator, and the feigned characters of his correspondents, he poured all the colours of life into this moving scene. These personages served as vehicles for exhibiting the domestick manners of the nation, at a time when there was a decisive originality among our countrymen, now so equalized and flattened by artificial uniformity. As some of his foreign imitators copied this invention, they exhibit an interesting contrast of national manners. In the Spectator of Miravaux, for instance, we find the portraits of his Parisians; the lively Frenchman plays with their levities, but weeps over their serious distresses. The letter of a father on the ingratitude of his son, is an eloquent appeal to the feelings; while with

equal power and pathos, he describes the tyranny of patrons, the torments of avarice, and the perfidy of friends, by those incidents, and touches of character, which he discovered in his own country. In the Spectator of Van Effen, the manners and feelings of the Hollanders are given, like copies after life, by Heemskirk. The members of his literary club share the ponderous gravity of the natives, while the boorish pride of the monied Dutchman is at once the coarsest and the truest of portraits. Van Effen has given a voluminous love-story; but in a country where that romantick passion does not appear above once in a century, with more truth than taste. His Laura is a maid servant, his Petrarch a carpenter of Amsterdam. The first interview takes place as she stands on the steps of her door, holding one of those stoves of lighted turf which the women carry to warm themselves. The youth, who has long watched for the auspicious moment, requests to light his pipe at her stove; but as every puff closes with a sigh, the pipe of love is to be perpetually renewed. The dialogue is artless. The Dutch maid is coy, and even coquettish. The boor delicate—at a certain period of the history, he actually exhibits somewhat like a symptom of despair!

That the lucubrations of Addison had such an influence on the popular writings of foreigners, is a fact which seems to have escaped notice. Dr. Drake, does not allude to it, though he gives accounts of foreign works, which preceded Addison, with some congeniality of character. Such are the "Cortigiano," of Castilione, and the "Galateo" of De la Casa; the former, which the Italians emphatically term, "the golden book," displays the politeness which reigned among the higher ranks of society during the sixteenth century. The latter was the domestick code of civility throughout Europe, and contains the art of living in the world, addressed to all ranks of society.

The character of Steele branches, under the fertile pen of our author, into six essays, including his biography—his style—his taste and critical abilities—his invention, imagery, and pathos—his humour and delineation of character—his ethics and morality. These are treated with considerable ingenuity, and with that nice discrimination of the characteristics of an author, in which Dr. Drake is so expert.

The life of Steele is not that of a retired scholar; hence his moral character becomes more instructive. He was one of those whose hearts are the dupes of their imaginations, and who are hurried through life by the most despotic volition. He always preferred his caprices to his interests; or, according to his own notion, very ingenious, but not a little absurd—"he was always of the humour of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune." The first act of his life develops the succeeding ones. His uncle could not endure a hero for his heir: but Steele had seen a marching regiment—he therefore enlisted as a private in the horse guards, and cocking his hat, and putting on a broad sword, jack boots, and shoulder belt, with the most generous feelings he forfeited a good estate! His frank temper and his wit conciliated esteem, and extorted admiration. The private was raised to an ensign, and the ensign plunged into all the dissipations of the town. But genius is often pensive amidst its orgies. It was in the height of these irregularities that he composed his "Christian Hero," a moral and religious treatise, which the contritions of every morning dictated, and to which the disorders of every evening added another penitential page. He was, at once, a man of the town and a censor; and he wrote lively essays on the follies of the day in an enormous black periuke which cost him fifty guineas! He built an elegant villa; but as he was always inculcating economy, he called it a hovel.

He detected the fallacy of the South-seascheme, while he himself invented projects, neither inferior in magnificence nor in misery. Yet, gifted at all times with the susceptibility of genius, he exercised the finest feelings of the heart. The same generous sentiments which deluded his judgment and invigorated his passions, rendered him a tender and pathetick dramatist; a most fertile essayist; a patriot without private views; an enemy, whose resentment died away in raillery; and a friend, who could warmly press the hand that wounded him. Whether in administration, or expelled the house—whether affluent, or flying from his creditors—in the fulness of his heart he, perhaps, secured his own happiness. But such men live only for themselves; they are not links in the golden chain of society. In the waste of his splendid talents he had raised sudden enmities, and transient friendships. The world uses such men as eastern travellers do fountains; they drink their waters, and think of them no more! Steele lived to be forgotten. He opened his career with folly; he hurried through it in a tumult of existence; and he closed it by an involuntary exile, amidst the wrecks of his fortune and his mind!

His writings are often careless, and rarely graceful. His literary excellence consists in his delineation of character. He copies life with all the faithfulness of a Flemish painter; and if, contrasted with Addison, he be found without the softness of his colouring, and the delicacy of his penciling, it cannot be denied that he is more versatile and vigorous; and the most original sketcher after life of the early part of the last century. His portraits, like those of Lely, preserve the likenesses of our ancestors; but not being formed on the general and permanent principles of art, he is more a painter of fashions than of nature.

The character and writings of Addison occupy six essays, in the

manner of the preceding ones on Steele. Among these are introduced some curious dissertations. One on the progress of English style, divided into three periods; the first from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the restoration; the second from the restoration to the accession of queen Anne; and the third from this last era, to the year 1714, when Addison published his best productions. In another dissertation, our author inquires into the introduction of eastern imagery amongst us, and has collected much interesting matter on the subject, with sufficient erudition for that class of readers which he addresses.

The fourth volume opens with an enumeration of periodical papers from the publication of the *Tatler* to the commencement of the *Rambler*. These consist of no less than eighty, forming an aggregate of near three hundred volumes, whose existence is scarcely suspected. Yet even this ample catalogue is incomplete. We possess more than one paper, not inserted in the list. These works, worthless as a whole, continue, however, the view of the progress of polite literature and domestick manners, to the days of Johnson. They contain many thousand essays; and if some of our literary idlers, with that kind of goodhumoured patience which they sometimes so admirably exert, would put them into their crucibles, they might extract from these mountains of sand, a few grains of gold.

The taste for periodical publications became so general that every literary adventurer considered himself entitled to lay his fugitive leaf on the breakfast table. It was also imagined that every possible subject was equally adapted to the purposes of the essayist; and consequently we find such titles as, "The Mercator," "The British Merchant," &c. Nay, the town was, for some mornings, addressed by the humble authors of, "The Weaver," and, "The Manu-

facturer," in consequence of a controversy between the dealers in the woollen and calico manufactures.

From the copious list of papers before us, we shall select a few, distinguished for their literary cast. The *Lay Monastery* was the united labour of sir Richard Blackmore and Hughes, the poet. Our author gives a specimen from a parallel between poetry and painting, drawn up, as he says, by sir Richard; but so elegant and ingenious that the writer of it may at least be doubted.

The *Free-Thinker*, was published by Ambrose Phillips, powerfully aided by Boulter, archbishop of Armagh; Pearce, bishop of Rochester; West, lord Chancellor of Ireland, and many of the first scholars of the age. It abounds with elegant fictions which display a happy combination of fancy and precept.

Terra Filius was a Saturnalian effusion; a witty but intemperate satire on the manners and politicks of Oxford. The portraits have an extravagant kind of likeness, and are so false and yet so true, that they provoked their originals to expel the writer. This was Nicholas Amhurst, the political adventurer, who so long conducted "the Craftsman." The life of this man may "point a moral." Though guilty of the grossest irregularities, he affected an outrageous zeal for popular reformation. Yet this grand reformer of the age bowed to all the drudgery of a faction, who neglected the instrument of their profligate purposes, and flung him off to perish. Amhurst died broken-hearted, and owed the charity of a grave to his bookseller.

The *Plain Dealer* was written by Aaron Hill and a Mr. Bond, of whom it is recorded that "the character of the work was observed regularly to rise in Mr. Hill's papers and fall in Mr. Bond's." Literary partners are subject to mortifications.

Memoirs of the Society of Grub-street, is one of the most curious of

these works. It is a kind of minor chronicle of our literature. In a fine vein of irony it attacks the heroes of the Dunciad, and tells some secrets of their obscure quarrels. The assumed names of Bavius and Mævius concealed Dr. Richard Russel, and Dr. John Martyn, professor of botany at Cambridge, physicians eminent for their publications.

Common Sense, though chiefly a political paper, was supported by some characters in the fashionable and learned world. Chesterfield and Lyttleton contributed essays on topics of more permanent interest than politicks.

The Champion, by Henry Fielding.—A great portion of it is employed on the follies, vices, amusements, and literature of the age; and the remainder is occupied by political wit and discussion. To every paper is annexed what is termed "an index to the times," consisting of news, miscellaneous and political, frequently charged with the most sarcastick irony. In the critical department are to be found many ingenious dissertations on literary subjects.

We close the list with Eliza Haywood's *Female Spectator*, and another paper from the same quarter, entitled *The Parrot*. The former was very popular in its day, and seems to have claims still on that class of readers to which it is addressed. From the *Parrot*, which only consists of nine papers, Dr. Drake gives some interesting extracts. This weekly publication appeared during the time of the execution of the chiefs of the rebellion, in 1746. We find in it the story of James Dawson, on which Shenstone's simple and pathetick ballad is founded. The poet has literally copied the closing and affecting circumstance, of

"The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired!"

He could add nothing to the truth of nature and the truth of fact.

Dr. Drake, in his "Life of Johnson," has judiciously altered his arrangement. He had no novelties to reanimate his exhausted biography, and has therefore contrived to make it serve as a frame for his literary canvass. The plan is at once novel and useful. The scattered outlines of his former chronological criticisms, here drawn together, are worked up with all their light and shade into a more perfect design; and the colouring and pencil of our industrious artist have produced, on the whole, a highly finished picture of the genius of the last age.

Dr. Drake has fancifully compared our periodical writers with the great painters. Such criticism, if it does not invigorate the understanding, refreshes the imagination, and the ingenuous reader may interest his taste and his feelings in discovering the analogies.

"In Addison we discern the amenity and ideal grace of Raphael; in Johnson, the strengthened energy of Michael Angelo; in Hawkesworth, the rich colouring and warmth of Titian; the legerity and frolick elegance of Albani, in the productions of Moore, Thornton, and Colman; the pathetick sweetness of Guido in the draughts of Mackenzie, and the fertility and harmonious colouring of Annibale Carracci, in the vivid sketches of Cumberland."

On the whole we have been agreeably entertained with Dr. Drake; and shall be pleased to receive the promised volume, which is to furnish us with the literary lives of Dr. Hawkesworth and his fellow-labourers; and to close with the more delicate task of criticising the periodical papers of the present period.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English verse; and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost. By the Late William Cowper, Esq. With a Preface by the Editor; and Notes of Various Authors. Quarto, 355 pp. 2*l.* 2*s.* London. 1808.

WE have not often been more gratified by a publication than by this present. The union of such poets as Milton and Cowper, congenial souls, at least in genius and piety,* two of the highest claims to admiration, cannot fail to gratify those whom their separate works have often filled with the warmest sensations of delight. The Latin poems of Milton, the first fruits of his genius, the manifest and very extraordinary promise of his future eminence, have always drawn us to them by the strongest power of attraction. The rich and native abundance of poetical imagery every where adorning them, and poured forth in a language which, though generally classical, seems to flow from the writer with such ease, that the style is truly his own, and appears to be the best and readiest expression of his thoughts; all this, proceeding, in many instances, from a youth not yet of age, must surely demand the highest admiration. But, when we add to the consideration, that, in these qualities, he neither had a model in his own country, nor has yet had a rival; that in Italian also, he was able to express himself with elegance and force; and that, instead of being drawn aside by these facilities, the same man was afterwards enabled to exalt his native language to the highest summit of poetical dignity and expression, we cannot possibly moderate our wonder in contemplating such extraordinary powers.

Yet, while we wonder at the talents of the poet, we are equally called upon to admire the qualities of the man. The generous and affectionate attach-

ment to his friends; the tender gratitude to a worthy preceptor; the truly filial piety and attachment to a good father; and lastly, the high sentiments of honour, propriety, virtue, and religion, which every where pervade these very juvenile poems, give, altogether, so very singular a picture of native excellence, that, much as we differ from his biographer, Symonds, in many points of speculation, we are led irresistibly to his opinion; that, in every subsequent part of life, Milton's intentions, at least, were upright; though circumstances led him into efforts which we disapprove, and situations in which we grieve to see him. That the beautiful sentiments contained in these poems should be conveyed to every English reader, in the graceful and appropriate language of Cowper, is fortunate for the extension of Milton's fame. The wonderful promise of his youth could never be adequately known by other means; and the versions of Cowper have certainly, with great exactness, more grace and originality of manner, than are usual to be found in any translations. He undertook the task with an enthusiasm which never seems to have abated in his progress through it.

Having thus expressed our general sentiments upon the subject of this publication, we proceed to the pleasing task of selecting a few specimens from it. We begin with the no less elegant than affectionate epistle, written by Milton in his 18th year, to his beloved preceptor, Thomas Young, who was then chaplain to the English factory at Hamburg. This was in 1626. We shall begin our quotations from the Latin lines:

"*Ille quidem est animæ plus quam par
altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere coger ego,*" &c.

* We speak only of the warmth of religious feeling belonging to both, without adverting to any peculiar opinions in either.

" My friend, and favourite inmate of my heart,
 That now is forced to want its better part!
 What mountains now, and seas, alas! how wide!
 From me this other, dearer self divide,
 Dear, as the sage renowned for moral truth
 To the prime spirit of the Attick youth!
 Dear, as the Stagyrite to Ammon's son,
 His pupil, who disdained the world, he won!
 Nor so did Chiron, or so Phenix shine
 In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.—
 First led by him through sweet Aonian shade,
 Each sacred haunt of Pindus I surveyed,
 And favoured by the muse, whom I implored,
 Thrice on my lip the hallowed stream I poured.
 But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot rolled
 To Aries, has new tinged his fleece with gold,
 And Chloris twice has dressed the meadows gay,
 And twice has summer parched their bloom away,
 Since last delighted on his looks I hung,
 Or my ear drank the musick of his tongue:
 Fly therefore,* and surpass the tempest's speed,
 Aware thyself that there is urgent need!
 Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see
 Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee;
 Or turning, page by page, with studious look,
 Some bulky father, or God's holy book;
 Or ministring (which is his weightiest care)
 To Christ's assembled flock, their heavenly fare.
 Give him, whatever his employment be,
 Such gratulation, as he claims from me."

p. 21.

The affectionate style of this address is highly pleasing, and creditable to the feelings of the young poet, whose reference to his poetical studies is natural, and is made the more interesting by our knowledge of his subsequent eminence. In translating these lines, Cowper has taken one or two liberties, creditable, we think, to his judgment. Milton's Latin lines, in the full spirit of classical style, abound with historical and mythological allusions. Some of these, as not equally grateful to English

* Addressed to the letter itself, as common with classical writers.

readers, the translator has dropped or changed. Thus, in rendering

" Charior ille mihi quam tu, doctissime Graium,

Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat," he omits the descent from Telamon; and in the two next, instead of a mere allusion to the mythological birth of Alexander, he has ventured to introduce the characteristick circumstance of his "disdaining the world he won," which is not in the original. This is a liberty which should be sparingly taken, and Cowper has not often attempted it; but here we are not inclined to object to it. As we shall have occasion to notice some of Milton's love verses, we will quote also, the opening of his seventh elegy, written at the age of 19, in which he records the first triumph of the tender passion over his heart. It is at once characteristick of the unwillingness with which his mind yielded to any dominion, and we believe the most perfect imitation of the best classical model that now exists. It begins:

" Nondum blanda tuas leges, Amathusia,
 nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit,"
 &c.

It may be objected, indeed, that it is built too entirely upon the heathen ideas of Venus and Cupid, but what could a classical lover of nineteen do without them? — Cowper has thus given it.

" As yet a stranger to the gentle fires
 That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,
 Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,
 And scorned his claim to rule all human hearts:

Go, child, I said, transfix the timorous dove!

An easy conquest suits an infant love;
 Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be
 Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!
 Why aim thy idle arms at human kind?
 Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind.

The Cyprian heard, and kindling into ire,
 (None kindles sooner) burned with double fire.

It was the spring, and newly risen day
 Peeped o'er the hamlets, on the first of May;

My eyes too tender for the blaze of light,
Still sought the shelter of retiring night,*
When Love approached, in painted plumes
arrayed,
Th' insidious god his rattling darts be-
trayed;
Nor less his infant features, and the sly,
Sweet intimations of his threatening eye."

p. 38.

Here the two poets again seem to contend for mastery, and it is difficult to say which obtains it. The two last lines are beautiful in Cowper, and though not quite literal, are sufficiently warranted by the original; yet Milton's lines have still beauties of their own:

"*Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,*
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit."

Perhaps the use of *dulce* is not quite warranted here. It is generally adverbial; but it might easily be altered. The verses against the supposed decay of nature are magnificently fine, and well rendered by the translator. But we hasten to our last specimen from the Latin poems, which must be taken from the affectionate lines addressed to the author's father, as peculiarly honourable to his feelings. They are thus rendered in blank verse.

"Oh that Pieria's spring would thro' my heart
Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood!
That, for my venerable father's sake,
All meaner themes renounced, my muse,
on wings
Of duty born, might reach a loftier strain.
For thee, my father, howsoe'er it please,
She frames this slender work, nor know I
ought
That may thy gifts more suitably requite;
Though to requite them suitably would
ask
Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
The meagre stores of verbal gratitude:
But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
This gage presents thee, in their full
amount,
With thy son's treasures, and the sum is
nought;

* So early did the poet's eyes give symptoms of the calamity which afterwards befel him. Rev.

Nought, save the riches that from airy dream

In secret grottos, and in laurel bowers,
I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquired."

p. 59.

The youth that feels towards a father, what Milton expresses here, and throughout this pleasing poem, ought to be acquitted of all harsh suspicions against his disposition. On the poem to Manso, and the beautiful Epitaphium Damonis, we could dwell with renewed delight; but we hasten to other objects.

The Italian poems of Milton have been hitherto less known than all the rest, partly from the imperfect hold which that elegant language has generally had upon the English taste: but they are full of beauties, and of beauties worthy of Milton. They also exhibit Milton in love, but always like himself, dignified, moral, and pious; and rather surprised to find himself so caught.

"Charles, and I say it wondering, thou must know,
That I, who once assumed a scornful air,
And scoffed at love, am fallen in his snare,
Full many an upright man has fallen so."

The truth is, that like all men of active imagination, Milton was much inclined to all the virtuous effects of the tender passion; though his general loftiness of mind prevented him from owning the fact to himself. His excuse for writing in Italian on this occasion, is beautifully given in this Canzone.

"They mock my toil—the nymphs and amorous swains,—

'And whence this fond attempt to write,' they cry,

'Love songs in language that thou little knowest?

How darest thou risk to sing those foreign strains?

Say truly. Findest not oft thy purpose crossed,

And that thy fairest flowers, here fade and die?"

Then, with pretence of admiration high

'Thee other shores expect, and other tides,

Rivers on whose grassy sides

Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind,
Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides;
Why then this burden, better far declined?
Speak, muse! for me. The fair one said,
 who guides
My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
'This is the language in which Love delights!'

But the following sonnet, which is surely one of the finest compositions of its kind, and is rendered by Cowper, in a manner truly worthy of Milton, and capable of delighting the great poet himself, cannot be omitted. The original begins "Giovane piano." The translation is this, and, perhaps, a more excellent translation was never made.

SONNET.

"Enamoured, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear lady, with a humble sigh,
Let me devote my heart; which I have found,
By certain proofs not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high.
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around;
As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
From hopes and fears, that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius, and fixed fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre, and every muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierced by love's immedicable dart."

p. 100.

When we come to the notes written by Cowper, upon the three first books of *Paradise Lost*, we deeply regret that he was prevented, by sorrow or malady, from pursuing a task for which he was so eminently fitted. His remarks on the language and versification of his author, are of high value; but his sentiments on the inventions, the contrivance, and, above all, the religious feelings of Milton, are inestimable. Cowper justifies, most solidly, the fiction of Pandemonium, and the very unjustly censured allegory of Sin and Death; with the fine apostrophes where the poet speaks in his own person. As among

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materials of such value, we can only select a specimen, we cannot, perhaps, give one more striking than the following admirable note on Book i. l. 26.

"And justify the ways of God to man."

"Justify them by evincing, that when man, by transgression, incurred the forfeiture of his blessings, and the displeasure of God, himself only was to blame. God created him for happiness, made him completely happy, furnished him with sufficient means of security, and gave him explicit notice of his danger. What could be more, unless he had compelled his obedience? which would have been at once to reduce him from the glorious condition of a free agent to that of an animal.

"There is a solemnity of sentiment, as well as majesty of numbers, in the exordium of this noble poem, which, in the works of the ancients, has no example.

"The sublimest of all subjects was reserved for Milton, and bringing to the contemplation of that subject, not only a genius equal to the best of theirs, but a heart also, deeply impregnated with the divine truths which lay before him, it is no wonder that he has produced a composition, on the whole, superior to any that we have received from former ages. But he who addresses himself to the perusal of this work, with a mind entirely unaccustomed to serious and spiritual contemplation, unacquainted with the word of God, or prejudiced against it, is ill qualified to appreciate the value of a poem built upon it, or to taste its beauties.—Milton is the poet of Christians. An infidel may have an ear for the harmony of his numbers; may be aware of the dignity of his expressions; and in some degree of the sublimity of his conceptions; but the unaffected and masculine piety, which was his true inspirer, and is the very soul of his poem, he will either not perceive, or it will offend him.

"We cannot read this exordium without perceiving that the author possesses more fire than he shows. There is a suppressed force in it, the effect of judgment. His judgment controls his genius, and his genius reminds us (to use his own beautiful similitude) of

—A proud steed reined

Champing his iron curb.

He addresses himself to the performance of great things, but he makes no great exertion in doing it; a sure symptom of uncommon vigour." p. 189.

Thus it is that one poet comments upon another; and we will not scrupu-

ple to say, that there is more of valuable observation in the few notes, which Cowper produced on the beginning of this poem, than in ten times the mass of ordinary annotations.

As to the part of Mr. Hayley in this work, it is modest and proper. Some good notes he has written, and others collected, upon the poems here translated; and we suspect, though we do not perceive it to be said, that the translation of the complimentary poems, addressed to Milton, was his work. The volume is printed for the benefit of a godchild of Cowper, as before announced, and we cannot doubt that considerable

advantage will be derived from it. The outline sketches by Flaxman, though elegant, are hardly sufficient to raise the book to the price fixed upon it; but this must be excused, in consideration of the application of the profits. The typography is handsome, but very far from correct. Whether the fault is to be imputed to the Chichester printer, or to some little failure of sight in the editor, we know too well how difficult it is to avoid press errors, to speak very harshly of them. Altogether, the work is such as to give abundant gratification to the admirers of Milton, Cowper, and poetry, whether Latin, English, or Italian.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A Cursory View of Prussia, from the Death of Frederick II. to the Peace of Tilsit. Containing an authentick Account of the Battles of Jena, Auerstadt, Eylau, and Friedland; as also, other important Events during that interesting Period. In a Series of Letters, from a Gentleman in Berlin to his Friend in London. 8vo. pp. 176. 5s. sewed. 1809.

THE history of Prussia, compared with that of the other states of Europe, bears some resemblance to the history of Thebes, when considered in relation to the other states of Greece. Each may be said to have risen and fallen with one man. Thebes with Epaminondas, and Prussia with Frederick II. Neither country occupied a conspicuous rank in the political commonwealth before the age of its respective hero; and neither continued long to maintain its elevation when its hero was no more. The letters before us commenced in 1786, when the death of Frederick II. took place, and his nephew, Frederick William II. ascended the throne; having at his command a well disciplined army of two hundred thousand men, and a treasury of forty millions of dollars. He proved himself, however, altogether unworthy of such a succession; since, though not destitute of capacity, he permitted the love of sensual pleasures to engross those hours which he owed to the

welfare of his subjects. One delusion led the way to another; and his understanding being affected by the consequences of excess, as well as of remorse, he was so far forsaken by his reason as to become a believer in the absurd doctrine of apparitions, and to delegate unlimited authority to a hypocrite of the sect of *Illuminati*. The ministers of Frederick II. consequently declined to occupy a cabinet which they could not direct, and retired in 1792, six years after the death of their patron.

It was on this change that Austria prevailed on Prussia to enter into the treaty of Pilnitz, the object of which was to attack France, and to complete the dismemberment of Poland. The latter of these points was accomplished in 1793; and the Polish nobility were brought reluctantly to Posen, to swear allegiance to their conquerors. Nothing could be more impolitick, or less adapted to conciliate, than the subsequent conduct of the Prussian government towards

the Poles. Instead of respecting their national feelings, and endeavouring to gain their attachment by sensibly ameliorating their condition, all the measures of Prussia were abrupt and peremptory. Their taxes were increased, their publick functionaries were changed, and the German language and the Prussian discipline, with all its horrors, were forced upon them. We need not, therefore, wonder at the serious insurrection which broke out in the succeeding year; nor at the discontent which continued to lurk in the minds of the Poles, after it had become impossible to vent it in open resistance.

Though the constitution of Frederick William II was naturally of the most robust kind, it was prematurely exhausted by intemperance, and he died in 1797. He was succeeded by his son, the present king; whose education, having been entirely neglected by his father, was conducted in a manner at once too private to give him a knowledge of the world, and too remiss to convey that solid instruction which retirement well employed affords the best opportunity of acquiring. He possesses, therefore, neither depth in the cabinet nor winning manners in publick; and he is much better fitted for the quiet of domestick life than for the agitations of royalty. Mildness, diffidence, and indecision are his prominent characteristicks. At his accession, however, he filled his cabinet with respectable men, and gave his subjects an example of frugality in his establishment. Averse, also, from war, he refused to enter into the coalition of Austria and Russia, against France, in 1799, in which there can be little doubt that he acted wisely. But he erred in carrying his love of economy so far as to neglect the repair of his fortresses, since their dismantled state was the principal cause of their rapid surrender to Buonaparte.

Neutrality, it is well known, con-

tinued to be the policy of Prussia, till the invasion of Germany by Buonaparte, in 1805; when the violation of the territory of Anspach and the personal urgency of the emperor of Russia, who came to Berlin very soon afterwards, led to a change of measures. It was at this visit of Alexander that the convention of Potzdam was concluded, by which Prussia acceded to the coalition against France. But this convention was scarcely signed when the battle of Austerlitz took place, and was followed by the submission of Austria. The court of Prussia immediately endeavoured to reassume its former character of neutrality, and to conceal the convention of Potzdam. But Buonaparte had been apprized of its hostile tendency, and demanded, not only the renunciation of it by Prussia, but satisfaction for her audacity in taking measures to oppose him. This satisfaction he made to consist in the surrender of the provinces of Anspach, Cléves, and Neufchatel; and in return he pretended to make over Hanovre to Prussia. But that this was mere pretence became apparent in the course of a few months, by lord Yarmouth's negotiation at Paris. The formation, at the same time, of the confederation of the Rhine, showed that Buonaparte intended himself, and not the king of Prussia, as the successor of the emperor Francis, in the control of Germany; while, moreover, the French armies continued in Germany in immense numbers, notwithstanding the reiterated applications of Prussia for their removal. These successive affronts, and the promised aid of Russia, gave an ascendancy to the war-party at Berlin; and the queen, who had not hitherto interfered in politicks, now became a keen advocate for asserting the national dignity. The people at large were eager for war, and confident of success from the recollection of the exploits of a former generation under Frederick II. no person seeming conscious how

much they had degenerated since that period, and still less how much their antagonists had improved.

The sequel of this imprudent measure is universally known. But the present work communicates several circumstances which had not previously been published in this country. The most interesting of these relate to the battle of Jena, the siege of Glogau, and the retreat of prince Hohenlohe, till his surrender at Prenzlau on the Oder; the French, superior in cavalry, and possessed of a shorter route than the Prussians, having advanced with such rapidity as to cut off the whole army.—The writer next proceeds to give an account of the battles of Pultusk, Eylau, and Friedland. But in these, as well as in his detail of the battle of Jena, the reader will be greatly at a loss for want of plans of the engagements. The subsequent extract presents an affecting picture of the calamities of war, and should be read by all those who are apt to treat such horrors with levity. Truly on this subject may it be said:

"He jests at scars, who never felt a wound."

"Soon after the arrival of Bennigsen at Königsberg, I received a letter from a friend there, of which I send you an extract, to give you, who, in your happy island, know nothing of the horrors of war, some little idea of the miseries attending these dreadful scenes.

"As soon as the roads were safe, my curiosity prompted me to visit the memorable scene of action at Eylau. Most terribly, indeed, had the iron hand of war stamped its baneful traces upon these unfortunate districts. Here the peaceful peasant, who reads no newspapers, nor knows even the name of Buonaparte, is scared from his quiet abode. Both friend and foe seem to have united to make him feel, to its full extent, his woful lot.—The Russians, who were encamped to the extent of five or six miles about Königsberg, had, to make them fires in this cold weather, unroofed and broken up the huts of all the neighbouring villages. Every kind of provision was swept away; and what made its loss more mortifying was, that five times as much was wasted as was made proper use of. This naturally enraged all the peasants against the Russians,

not considering that these poor soldiers themselves were half dying with hunger. Nor were those peasants near the French quarters more fortunate; for they also, without considering the wretched situation of those miserable people, took whatever they could find; and in passing Jessau, the rector of which place had fled to Königsberg, they employed his whole pious library to boil their kettles. The rector's sister, confined by the rheumatism, could not escape. She lay in a little garret. Some oatmeal mixed with melted snow, was before her, and this, for eight days, had been her only sustenance. We gave her a small portion of our travelling stock, and joy and gratitude beamed through her tears. The nearer we came to Eylau, the fewer marks of devastation we found; and though there were no provisions to be had any where, yet we saw at least human faces; for the other villages we passed through were all deserted; nor had the houses here been so much damaged, which gave us some relief, after the various scenes of misery we had gone through. In the totally desolated village of Kleinsausgarten we once more found the terrific picture of war; but misery, indigence, and distress, I first saw in their extreme at Eylau itself. Parents were there already so far reduced as to be forced to bury their literally starved babes in their gardens. Bread, meat, wine, brandy, salt, or tobacco, were no where to be found. Poor, emaciated, hollow-eyed spectres were crawling about the streets, covered with rags like the most pitiable beggars. To enter their houses, on account of the stench of dead bodies, was scarcely possible; and even my essence of vinegar was not sufficient to defend me in their church.—I never should have believed without seeing it myself, that human nature could have born such an excessive degree of misery. Buonaparte had cruelly given up the place to plunder. In short, every thing was ruined, destroyed, and laid waste. Not a door, nor a window, nor a cupboard was remaining. This is, indeed, the less extraordinary, when we consider that the town had been twice in the possession both of the French and the Russians, and thus, twice were the streets streaming with blood. The combatants even followed each other into the very houses. From the highest to the lowest of the inhabitants they were all robbed of every thing they possessed, and simple water, with a scanty pittance of mouldy bread, was all they now had to keep life together. To form an idea of the situation of these miserable beings, one must have seen them; for words are not sufficient to describe their excess of wretchedness. Many died through fear,

many from ill treatment, and many were yet sick from the painful recollection of the past.

"Overpowered by such dreadful scenes of calamity, I deemed it even a relief to go and contemplate the horrors of the field. Howsoever mangled I there found many of my fellow-creatures, yet these lifeless bodies had at least surmounted their sufferings; but the unfortunate inhabitants of Eylau were yet languishing on towards the more excruciating death of hunger. This certainly would have been their dismal lot, as the whole surrounding district was equally bereft of every mean of sustenance, had they not soon received from Königsberg the most desirable relief and refreshment, besides clothing, linen, and every necessary article to repair and make their dwellings tolerably comfortable. Had I first visited the field of battle, this hideous, unusual sight, which I hope never to see again, would have undoubtedly shocked me more than it now did: for after having my mind so deeply harrowed up with the late dreadful scenes, I must repeat that the sight of the field, frightful as it was, with from twelve to fifteen thousand slaughtered victims strewed before me, was yet a relief.—A slight snow had just fallen. My foot slipped, and, in sinking, my hand caught a ghastly human face! Here were fragments of drums,

carts, horses, saddles, cloaks, hats, harness, broken muskets, pistols, and other arms innumerable, all in confusion, scattered about. Russians, French, and Prussians, here all lay together. It was in truth a woful sight."

We have remarked a few German idioms in this epistolary publication. The word "apparently" is used with reference to the future, in the sense of "probably;" and in page 48 the author talks of "irritating the feelings of the whole woman," a phrase which sounds rather awkwardly to English ears. The book, however, is entertaining, and fully satisfies that degree of expectation which the title of a "Cursory View" is calculated to raise. Although without pretensions to the character of a finished performance, on the score either of richness of description or profundity of thought, it has a claim to attention, both on account of the novelty of several of the circumstances mentioned in it, and for the unprejudiced manner in which the whole narrative is conducted.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Tales of Fashionable Life. By Miss Edgeworth, Author of "Practical Education—Belinda—Castle Rackrent," &c. 12mo. 3 vol. London. 1809. Announced for re-publication by J. Milligan, Georgetown, and by Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia.

IF it were possible for reviewers to envy the authors who are brought before them for judgment, we rather think we should be tempted to envy Miss Edgeworth; not, however, so much for her matchless powers of probable invention—her never-failing good sense and cheerfulness—nor her fine discrimination of characters—as for the delightful consciousness of having done more good than any other writer, male or female, of her generation. Other arts and sciences have their use, no doubt; and, Heaven knows, they have their reward and their fame. But the great art is the art of living; and the chief science, the science of being happy. Where there is an absolute deficiency of

good sense, these cannot, indeed, be taught; and, with an extraordinary share of it, they are acquired without an instructor: but the most common case is, to be capable of learning, and yet to require teaching; and a far greater part of the misery which exists in society, arises from ignorance, than either from vice or from incapacity.

Miss Edgeworth is the great modern mistress in this school of true philosophy; and has eclipsed, we think, the fame of all her predecessors. By her many excellent tracts on education, she has conferred a benefit on the whole mass of the population; and discharged, with exemplary patience as well as extraordinary judg-

ment, a task which superficial spirits may, perhaps, mistake for a humble and easy one. By her Popular Tales, she has rendered an invaluable service to the middling and lower orders of the people; and by her novels, and by the volumes before us, has made a great and meritorious effort to promote the happiness and respectability of the higher classes. On a former occasion we believe we hinted to her, that these would probably be the least successful of all her labours; and that it was doubtful whether she would be justified for bestowing so much of her time on the case of a few persons who scarcely deserved to be cured, and were scarcely capable of being corrected. The foolish and unhappy part of the fashionable world, for the most part, "is not fit to bear itself convinced." It is too vain, too busy, and too dissipated, to listen to, or remember any thing that is said to it. Every thing serious it repels, by "its dear wit and gay rhetorick;" and against every thing poignant, it seeks shelter in the impenetrable armour of bold stupidity.

"Laughed at, it laughs again;—and, stricken hard,
Turns to the stroke its adamantine scales,
That fear no discipline of human hands."

A book, on the other hand, and especially a witty and popular book, is still a thing of consequence to such of the middling classes of society as are in the habit of reading. They dispute about it, and think of it; and as they occasionally make themselves ridiculous by copying the manners it displays, so they are apt to be impressed with the great lessons it may be calculated to teach; and, on the whole, receive it into considerable authority among the regulators of their lives and opinions. But a fashionable person has scarcely any leisure to read, and none to think of what he has been reading. It would be a derogation from his dignity to speak of a book in any terms but those of frivolous derision; and a strange desertion of his own supe-

riority, to allow himself to receive, from its perusal, any impressions which could at all affect his conduct or opinions.

But though, for these reasons, we continue to think that Miss Edge-worth's fashionable patients will do less credit to her prescriptions than the more numerous classes to whom they might have been directed, we admit that her plan of treatment is in the highest degree judicious, and her conception of the disorder most luminous and precise.

There are two great sources of unhappiness to those whom fortune and nature seem to have placed above the reach of ordinary misery. The one is *ennui*—that stagnation of life and feeling which results from the absence of all motives to exertion; and by which the justice of Providence has so fully compensated the partiality of fortune, that it may be fairly doubted whether, upon the whole, the race of beggars is not happier than the race of lords; and whether those vulgar wants that are sometimes so importunate, are not, in this world, the chief ministers of enjoyment. This is a plague that infests all indolent persons who can live on in the rank in which they were born, without the necessity of working. But, in a free country, it rarely occurs in any great degree of virulence, except among those who are already at the summit of human felicity. Below this there is room for ambition, and envy, and emulation, and all the feverish movements of aspiring vanity and unresting selfishness, which act as prophylacticks against this more dark and deadly distemper. It is the canker which corrodes the full-blown flower of human felicity—the pestilence which smites at the bright hour of noon.

The other curse of the happy, has a range more wide and indiscriminate. It, too, tortures only the rich and fortunate; but is most active among the least distinguished; and abates in malignity as we ascend to

the lofty regions of pure *ennui*. This is the desire of being fashionable—the restless and insatiable passion to pass for creatures more distinguished than we really are—with the mortification of frequent failure, and the humiliating consciousness of being perpetually exposed to it. Among those who are secure of “meat, clothes and fire,” and are thus above the chief physical evils of existence, we do believe that this is a more prolific source of unhappiness, than guilt, disease, or affection; and that more positive misery is created, and more true enjoyment excluded, by the eternal fretting and straining of this pitiful ambition, than by all the ravages of passion, the desolations of war, or the accidents of mortality. The wretchedness which it produces may not be so intense; but it is of much longer duration, and spreads over a far wider circle. It is quite dreadful, indeed, to think what a sweep this pest has taken among the comforts of our prosperous population. To be thought fashionable—that is, to be thought more opulent and tasteful, and on a footing of intimacy with a greater number of distinguished persons than they really are, is the great and laborious pursuit of four families out of five, the members of which are exempted from the necessity of daily industry. In this pursuit, their time, spirits and talents, are wasted; their tempers soured; their affections palsied; and their natural manners and dispositions altogether sophisticated and lost.

These are the giant curses of fashionable life; and Miss Edgeworth has accordingly dedicated her two best tales to the delineation of their symptoms. The history of “Lord Glenthorn” is a fine picture of *ennui*—that of “Almeria” an instructive representation of the miseries of fashion. We do not know whether it was a part of the fair writer’s design to represent these maladies as absolutely incurable, without a change of condition; but the fact is, that in spite of

the best dispositions and capacities, and the most powerful inducements to action, the hero of *ennui* makes no advances towards amendment till he is deprived of his title and estate; and the victim of fashion is left, at the end of the tale, pursuing her weary career with fading hopes and wasted spirits, but with increased anxiety and perseverance. The moral use of these narratives, therefore, must consist in warning us against the first approaches of evils which can never afterwards be resisted.

These are the great twin scourges of the prosperous; but there are other maladies, of no despicable malignity, to which they are peculiarly liable. One of these, arising mainly from want of more worthy occupation, is that perpetual use of stratagem and contrivance—that little, artful diplomacy of private life, by which the simplest and most natural transactions are rendered complicated and difficult, and the common business of existence made to depend on the success of plots and counterplots. By the incessant practice of this petty policy, a habit of duplicity and anxiety is infallibly generated, which is equally fatal to integrity and enjoyment. We gradually come to look on others with the distrust which we are conscious of deserving; and are insensibly formed to sentiments of the most unamiable selfishness and suspicion. It is needless to say, that all these elaborate edifices are worse than useless to the person who employs them; and that the ingenious plotter is almost always baffled and exposed by the downright honesty of some undesigning competitor. Miss Edgeworth, in her tale of “Manœuvring,” has given a very complete and most entertaining representation of “the by-ways and indirect, crooked paths” by which these artful and inefficient people generally make their way to disappointment. In the tale, entitled “Madame de Fleury,” she has given some useful examples of the ways in which the rich may most

effectually do good to the poor, an operation which, we really believe, fails more frequently from want of skill than of inclination. In "the Dun," she has drawn a touching and most impressive picture of the wretchedness which the poor so frequently suffer from the unfeeling thoughtlessness which withdraws from them the scanty earnings of their labour.

Of these tales, "Ennui" perhaps is the best and most entertaining, though the leading character is somewhat caricatured, and the denouement is brought about by a discovery which shocks by its needless improbability. Lord Glenthorn is bred up, by a false and indulgent guardian, as the heir to an immense English and Irish estate; and, long before he is of age, exhausts almost all the resources by which life can be made tolerable to those who have nothing to wish for. Born on the very pinnacle of human fortune, "he had nothing to do but to sit still and enjoy the barrenness of the prospect." He tries travelling, gaming, gluttony, hunting, pugilism, and coach-driving; but is so pressed down with the load of life, as to be repeatedly on the eve of suicide. He passes over to Ireland, where he receives a temporary relief from the rebellion, and from falling in love with a lady of high character and accomplishments; but the effect of these stimulants is speedily expended, and he is in danger of falling into a confirmed lethargy, when it is fortunately discovered that he has been changed at nurse; and that, instead of being a peer of boundless fortune, he is the son of a cottager who lives on potatoes. With great magnanimity, he instantly gives up the fortune to the rightful owner, who has been bred a blacksmith, and takes to the study of the law. At the commencement of this arduous career, he fortunately falls in love, for the second time, with the lady entitled, after the death of the blacksmith, to succeed to his for-

mer estate. Poverty and love now supply him with irresistible motives for exertion. He rises in his profession; marries the lady of his heart; and in due time returns, an altered man, to the possession of his former affluence.

Such is the naked outline of a story, more rich in character, incident and reflection, than any English narrative with which we are acquainted. As rapid and various as the best tales of Voltaire, and as full of practical good sense and moral pathetick as any of the other tales of Miss Edgeworth. The Irish characters are inimitable; not the coarse caricatures of modern playwrights—but drawn with a spirit, a delicacy, and a precision, to which we do not know if there be any parallel among national delineations. As these are tales of fashionable life, we shall present our readers, in the first place, with some traits of an Irish lady of rank. Lady Geraldine—the enchantress whose powerful magick almost raised the hero of ennui from his leaden slumbers, is represented with such exquisite liveliness and completeness of effect, that the reader can scarcely help imagining that he has formerly been acquainted with the original. Every one at least, we conceive, must have known somebody, the recollection of whom must convince him, that the following description is as true to nature as it is creditable to art.

"As lady Geraldine entered, I gave one involuntary glance of curiosity. I saw a tall, finely shaped woman, with the commanding air of a person of rank. She moved well; not with feminine timidity, yet with ease, promptitude, and decision. She had fine eyes and a fine complexion, yet no regularity of feature. The only thing that struck me as really extraordinary, was her indifference when I was introduced to her. Every body had seemed extremely desirous that I should see her ladyship, and that her ladyship should see me; and I was rather surprised by her unconcerned air. This piqued me, and fixed my attention. She turned from me, and began to converse with others. Her

voice was agreeable, though rather loud. She did not speak with the Irish accent; but, when I listened maliciously, I detected certain Hibernian inflexions—nothing of the vulgar Irish idiom, but something that was more interrogative, more exclamatory, and perhaps more rhetorical, than the common language of English ladies, accompanied with infinitely more animation of countenance and demonstrative gesture. This appeared to me peculiar and unusual, but not affected. She was uncommonly eloquent; and yet, without action. Her words were not sufficiently rapid to express her ideas. Her manner appeared foreign, yet it was not quite French. If I had been obliged to decide, I should, however, have pronounced it rather more French than English. To determine which it was, or whether I had ever seen any thing similar, I stood considering her ladyship with more attention than I had ever bestowed on any other woman. The words *striking*—*fascinating*—*bewitching*, occurred to me as I looked at her and heard her speak. I resolved to turn my eyes away, and shut my ears; for I was positively determined not to like her; I dreaded so much the idea of a second Hymen. I retreated to the furthest window, and looked out very soberly upon a dirty fish-pond.

"If she had treated me with tolerable civility at first, I never should have thought about her. High-born and high-bred, she seemed to consider more what she thought of others, than what others thought of her. Frank, candid, and affable, yet opinionated, insolent, and an egotist, her candour and affability appeared the effect of a naturally good temper; her insolence and egotism only those of a spoilt child. She seemed to talk of herself purely to oblige others, as the most interesting possible topick of conversation; for such it had always been to her fond mother, who idolized her ladyship as an only daughter, and the representative of an ancient house. Confident of her talents, conscious of her charms, and secure of her station, lady Geraldine gave free scope to her high spirits, her fancy, and her turn for ridicule. She looked, spoke, and acted, like a person privileged to think, say, and do, what she pleased. Her railing, like the railing of princes, was without fear of retort. She was not ill-natured, yet careless to whom she gave offence, provided she produced amusement; and in this she seldom failed: for, in her conversation, there was much of the raciness of Irish wit, and the oddity of Irish humour. The singularity that struck me

most about her ladyship, was her indifference to flattery. She certainly preferred frolick. Miss Bland was her humble companion; Miss Tracey her *butt*. It was one of lady Geraldine's delights, to humour Miss Tracey's rage for imitating the fashions of fine people. 'Now you shall see Miss Tracey appear at the ball to-morrow, in every thing that I have sworn to her is fashionable. Nor have I cheated her in a single article. But the *tout ensemble* I leave to her better judgment; and you shall see her, I trust, a perfect monster, formed of every creature's best. Lady Kilrush's feathers; Mrs. Moore's wig; Mrs. O'Connor's gown, Mrs. Lighton's sleeves, and all the necklaces of all the Miss Ormsbys. She has no taste, no judgment; none at all, poor thing; but she can imitate as well as those Chinese painters, who, in their drawings, give you the flower of one plant stuck on the stalk of another, and garnished with the leaves of a third.' I. 130—139.

This favourite character is afterwards exhibited in a great variety of dramatick contrasts. For example:

"Lord Craiglethorpe was, as Miss Tracey had described him, very stiff, cold, and *high*. His manners were in the extreme of English reserve; and his ill-bred show of contempt for the Irish, was sufficient provocation and justification of lady Geraldine's ridicule. He was much in awe of his fair and witty cousin. She could easily put him out of countenance, for he was extremely bashful. His lordship had that sort of bashfulness, which makes a man surly and obstinate in his taciturnity; which makes him turn upon all who approach him, as if they were going to assault him; which makes him answer a question as if it were an injury, and repel a compliment as if it were an insult. Once, when he was out of the room, lady Geraldine exclaimed: 'That cousin Craiglethorpe of mine is scarcely an agreeable man. The awkwardness of *mauvaise honte* might be pitied and pardoned, even in a nobleman,' continued her ladyship, 'if it really proceeded from humility; but here, when I know it is connected with secret and inordinate arrogance, 'tis past all endurance. Even his ways of sitting and standing provoke me, they are so self-sufficient. Have you observed how he stands at the fire? Oh, the caricature of '*the English fireside*' outdone! Then, if he sits, we hope that change of posture may afford our eyes transient relief; but worse again. Bolstered up, with his back against his chair, his hands in his pockets, and his legs thrown out, in defiance of all passen-

gers and all decorum, there he sits, in magisterial silence, throwing a gloom upon all conversation. As the Frenchman said of the Englishman, for whom even his politeness could not find another compliment: ‘Il faut avouer que ce monsieur a un grand talent pour le silence;’—he holds his tongue, till people actually believe that he has something to say—a mistake they could never fall into if he would but speak. It is not timidity; it is all pride. I would pardon his dulness, and even his ignorance; for one, as you say, might be the fault of his nature, and the other of his education. But his self-sufficiency is his own fault; and that I will not, and cannot pardon. Somebody says, that nature may make a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making. Now, my cousin—(as he is my cousin, I may say what I please of him)—my cousin Craiglethorpe is a solemn coxcomb, who thinks, because his vanity is not talkative and sociable, that it’s not vanity. What a mistake!” I. 146—148.

These other traits of her character are given, on different occasions, by lord Glenthorn.

“At first I had thought her merely superficial, and intent solely upon her own amusement; but I soon found that she had a taste for literature, beyond what could have been expected, in one who lived so dissipated a life; a depth of reflection that seemed inconsistent with the rapidity with which she thought; and, above all, a degree of generous indignation against meanness and vice, which seemed incompatible with the selfish character of a fine lady, and which appeared quite incomprehensible to the imitating tribe of her fashionable companions.” I. 174.

“Lady Geraldine was superior to manœuvring little arts, and petty stratagems, to attract attention. She would not stoop even to conquer. From gentlemen she seemed to expect attention, as her right, as the right of her sex; not to beg or accept of it as a favour. If it were not paid, she deemed the gentleman degraded, not herself. Far from being mortified by any preference shown to other ladies, her countenance betrayed only a sarcastick sort of pity for the bad taste of the men, or an absolute indifference and look of haughty absence. I saw that she beheld with disdain the paltry competitions of the young ladies, her companions. As her companions, indeed, she hardly seemed to consider them; she tolerated their foibles, forgave their envy, and never exerted any superiority, except to show her contempt of vice and meanness.” I. 198, 199.

Her whole conduct and conversation are kept in admirable unison with this half wild, half masculine, lofty, and delicate character. It would be endless to extract her repartees and strokes of *naïveté*. We give only her simple account of her mother.

“Every body says,” whispered she, “that mamma is the most artful woman in the world; and I should believe it, only that every body says it. Now, if it were true, nobody would know it.” I. 154.

This may suffice as a specimen of the high life of the piece; which is more original and characteristick than that of Belinda—and altogether as lively and natural. For the low life, we do not know if we could extract a more felicitous specimen than the following description of the equipage in which lord Glenthorn’s English and French servant were compelled to follow their master in Ireland.

“From the inn yard came a hackney chaise, in a most deplorably crazy state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forwards, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down; the perch tied in two places; the iron of the wheels half off, half loose; wooden pegs for limch-pins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness; wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives; their bones starting through their skin; one lame, the other blind; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arms’ length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered coat, tied round his waist by a hay rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of this coat showing his bare legs, marbled of many colours; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe. In an indignant voice I called to the landlord—‘I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise, intended for my servants.’ The innkeeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postilion, both in the same instant exclaimed—‘Sorrow better chaise

in the 'county'! 'Sorrow?' said I—
 'what do you mean by sorrow?' 'That
 there's no better, plase your honour, can
 be seen. We have two more to be sure—
 but one has no top, and the other no bot-
 tom. Any way there's no better can be
 seen than this same.' 'And these
 horses,' cried I—'why this horse is so
 lame he can hardly stand.' 'Oh, plase
 your honour, tho' he can't stand, he'll go
 fast enough. He has a great deal of the
 rogue in him, plase your honour. He's
 always that way at first setting out.'
 'And that wretched animal with the gal-
 led breast!' 'He's all the better for it,
 when once he warms; it's he that will go
 with the speed of light, plase your honour.
 Sure, is not he Knockecroghery? and
 didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, bar-
 ring the luckpenny, at the fair of Knocke-
 croghery, and he rising four year old at
 the same time?' I. 61—63.

"Then seizing his whip and reins in
 one hand, he clawed up his stockings with
 the other; so with one easy step he got into
 his place, and seated himself, coachman-
 like, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that
 served as a coach-box. 'Throw me the
 loan of a trusty, Bartly, for a cushion,'
 said he. A frieze coat was thrown up over
 the horses' heads. Paddy caught it.
 'Where are you, Hosey?' cried he.
 'Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw
 on my leg,' replied Hosey. 'Throw me
 up,' added this paragon of postilions,
 turning to one of the crowd of idle by-
 standers. 'Arrah, push me up, can't ye?'
 —A man took hold of his knee, and threw
 him upon the horse. He was in his seat in
 a trice. Then clinging by the mane of his
 horse, he scrambled for the bridle which
 was under the other horse's feet, reached
 it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked
 round at Paddy, who looked back to the
 chaise-door at my angry servants, 'secure
 in the last event of things.' In vain the
 Englishman, in monotonous anger, and
 the Frenchman in every note of the ga-
 mut, abused Paddy. Necessity and wit
 were on Paddy's side. He parried all that
 was said against his chaise, his horses,
 himself, and his country, with invincible,
 comick dexterity; till at last both his ad-
 versaries, dumb-founded, clambered in-
 to the vehicle, where they were instantly
 shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in
 a triumphant tone, called to my postilions,
 bidding them 'get on, and not be
 stopping the way any longer.' I. 64, 65.

By and by the wheelhorse stopped
 short, and began to kick furiously.

"Never fear," reiterated Paddy. 'I'll
 engage I'll be up wid him. Now for it,

Knockecroghery! Oh the rogue, he thinks
 he has me at a *nonplush*; but I'll show him
 the *differ*."

"After this brag of war, Paddy whip-
 ped; Knockecroghery kicked; and Paddy,
 seemingly unconscious of danger, sat
 within reach of the kicking horse, twitch-
 ing up first one of his legs, then the other,
 and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs,
 escaping every time as it were by miracle.
 With a mixture of temerity and presence
 of mind, which made us alternately look
 upon him as a madman and a hero, he
 gloried in the danger, secure of suc-
 cess, and of the sympathy of the specta-
 tors.

"Ah! didn't I *compass* him cleverly
 then? Oh the villain, to be browbating
 me! I'm too cute for him yet. See, there,
 now, he's come to; and I'll be his bail
 he'll go *asy* enough wid me. Ogh! he has
 a fine spirit of his own; but it's I that can
 match him. 'Twould be a poor case if a
 man like me couldn't match a horse any
 way, let alone a mare, which this is, or it
 never would be so vicious." I. 68, 69.

The most delectable personage,
 however, in the whole tale, is the an-
 cient Irish nurse Ellinor. The de-
 voted affection, infantine simplicity,
 and strange pathetick eloquence of
 this half-savage, kind hearted crea-
 ture, afford Miss Edgeworth occa-
 sion for many most original and
 characteristick representations. We
 shall scarcely prepossess our English
 readers in her favour, by giving the
 description of her cottage.

"It was a wretched looking, low, mud-
 walled cabin. At one end it was propped
 by a buttress of loose stones, upon which
 stood a goat reared on his hind legs, to
 browze on the grass that grew on the
 housetop. A dunghill was before the only
 window, at the other end of the house,
 and close to the door was a puddle of
 the dirtiest of dirty water, in which ducks
 were dabbling. At my approach, there
 came out of the cabin a pig, a calf, a
 lamb, a kid, and two geese, all with their
 legs tied; followed by cocks, hens, chick-
 ens, a dog, a cat, a kitten, a beggar-man,
 a beggar woman, with a pipe in her
 mouth; children innumerable, and a stout
 girl, with a pitchfork in her hand; al-
 together more than I, looking down upon
 the roof as I sat on horseback, and mea-
 suring the superficies with my eye, could
 have possibly supposed the mansion ca-
 pable of containing. I asked if Ellinor
 O'Donoghoe was at home; but the dog

barked, the geese cackled, the turkeys gobbled, and the beggars begged with one accord, so loudly, that there was no chance of my being heard. When the girl had at last succeeded in appeasing them all with her pitchfork, she answered, that Ellinor O'Donoghoe was at home, but that she was out with the potatoes; and she ran to fetch her, after calling to the boys, who were within in the room smoking, to come out to his honour. As soon as they had crouched under the door, and were able to stand upright, they welcomed me with a very good grace, and were proud to see me in the kingdom. I asked if they were all Ellinor's sons. 'All entirely,' was the first answer. 'Not one but one,' was the second answer. The third made the other two intelligible. 'Plase your honour, we are all her sons-in-law, except myself, who am her lawful son.' 'Then you are my foster-brother?' 'No, plase your honour, it's not me, but my brother, and he's *not in it*.' '*Not in it?*' 'No, plase your honour; becaase he's in the forge up *above*. Sure he's the blacksmith, my lard.' 'And what are you?' 'I'm Ody, plase your honour; the short for Owen,' &c. I. 94—96.

It is impossible, however, for us to select any thing that could give our readers even a vague idea of the interest, both serious and comick, that is produced by this original character, without quoting more of the story than we can now make room for. We cannot leave it, however, without making our acknowledgments to Miss Edgeworth, for the handsome way in which she has treated our country, and for the judgment as well as liberality she has shown in the character of Mr. Macleod, the proud, sagacious, friendly and reserved agent of her hero. There is infinite merit and power of observation even in her short sketch of his exterior.

"He was a hard featured, strong built, perpendicular man, with a remarkable quietness of deportment. He spoke with deliberate distinctness, in an accent slightly Scotch; and, in speaking, he made use of no gesticulation, but held himself surprisingly still. No part of him, but his eyes, moved; and they had an expression of slow, but determined good sense. He was sparing of his words; but the few that he used said much, and went directly to the point." I. 12.

After having said so much of "Ennui," we can afford but a very slight account of the Victim of Fashion.—This is the daughter of a rich Yorkshire grazier, who, with a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds, is smitten with the desire of being fine and fashionable; and first throws off the society of her earliest and most respectable friends, to copy the purse-proud airs of a rich banking baronet's lady; then abjures the banker, in order to be occasionally insulted in the house of a lady of high birth; next deserts her, to purchase the favour of another who has influence at court; and finally settles down into the society of a few hired and domestick flatterers, who bear with her peevishness and discontent, for the sake of sharing in her melancholy splendour. The progress of this despicable infatuation, and the havock it makes among all her original claims to respect and enjoyment, are very finely and artfully delineated. The greatest piece of management, however, in the story, is the character of Miss Elmour, the early friend of our unfortunate heroine. Instead of being brought out in broad contrast, it is softened and kept under with such admirable judgment, that the reader feels half angry at her long-suffering kindness and affection for so ungrateful an object—and at the slowness with which her innate superiority is ultimately made triumphant. The dramatick part of this story, and indeed the whole dialogue of the publication, is excellent; but we can only make room for the comparative view of the fashion of the banker's lady, and the fashion of the lady of family. Upon her removal to the family of the latter,

"Almeria found the style of dress, manners, and conversation, different from what she had seen at lady Stock's—she had easily imitated the affectation of lady Stock, but there was an ease in the decided tone of lady Bradstone, which could not be so easily acquired. Having lived from her infancy in the best company, there were no heterogeneous mixtures in her manners; and the consciousness of

this gave an habitual air of security to her words, looks, and motions. Lady Stock seemed forced to beg, or buy—Lady Bradstone, accustomed to command, or levy, admiration as her rightful tribute. The pride of lady Bradstone was uniformly resolute, and successful; the insolence of lady Stock, if it were opposed, became cowardly and ridiculous. Lady Bradstone seemed to have, on all occasions, an instinctive sense of what a person of fashion ought to do; lady Stock, notwithstanding her bravadoing air, was frequently perplexed, and anxious, and therefore awkward—she had always recourse to precedents. ‘Lady P—— said so—or lady Q—— did so—lady G—— wore this, or lady H—— was there, and therefore I am sure it was proper.’ On the contrary, lady Bradstone never quoted authorities, but presumed that she was a precedent for others. The one was eager to follow—the other determined to lead, the fashion. Our heroine, who was by no means deficient in penetration, and whose whole attention was now given to the study of externals, quickly perceived these shades of difference between her late and her present friend. She remarked, in particular, that she found herself much more at ease in lady Bradstone’s society. Her ladyship’s pride was not so offensive as lady Stock’s vanity. Secure of her own superiority, lady Bradstone did not want to measure herself every instant with inferiors. She treated Almeria as her equal in every respect; and in setting her right in points of fashion, never seemed to triumph, but to consider her own knowledge as a necessary consequence of the life she had led from her infancy. With a sort of proud generosity, she always considered those whom she honoured with her friendship, as thenceforward entitled to all the advantage of her own situation, and to all the respect due to a part of herself. She now always used the word we, with peculiar emphasis, in speaking of Miss Turnbull and herself. This was a signal perfectly well understood by her acquaintance. Almeria was received everywhere with the most distinguished attention; and she was delighted, and absolutely intoxicated, with her sudden rise in the world of fashion. She found that her former acquaintance at lady Stock’s were extremely ambitious of claiming an intimacy; but this could not be done. Miss Turnbull had now acquired, by practice, the power of looking at people, without seeming to see them; and of forgetting those with whom she was perfectly well acquainted. Her opinion of her own con-

sequence was much raised by the court that was paid to her by several young men of fashion, who thought it expedient to marry two hundred thousand pounds.” II. 55—58.

We wish we could make some extracts from “Manceuvring;” but we have left ourselves no room—and for the story, as it contains the history of the making, and the failure of three several connected plots, it is obvious that we could give no intelligible account of it within any moderate limits. It is written with admirable skill and correctness of imitation; and is likely, we think, to be the most fashionable, though by no means the most useful or instructive of the collection. There is a painful and humble pathos in some parts of “the Dun,” upon which we have not spirits to enter. We earnestly entreat all good-natured youths of fashion to read it through, and not to be too impatient to get rid of the impressions which it must excite in them.

We must now take an abrupt and reluctant leave of Miss Edgeworth. Thinking as we do, that her writings are, beyond all comparison, the most useful of any that have come before us since the commencement of our critical career, it would be a point of conscience with us to give them all the notoriety that they can derive from our recommendation, even if their execution were in some measure liable to objection. In our opinion, however, they are as entertaining as they are instructive; and the genius and wit, and imagination they display, are at least as remarkable as the justness of the sentiments they so powerfully inculcate. To some readers they may seem to want the fairy colouring of high fancy and romantick tenderness; and it is very true, that they are not poetical love tales any more than they are anecdotes of scandal. We have great respect for the admirers of Rousseau and Petrarcha; and we have no doubt that Miss Edgeworth has great respect for them—but *the world*, both

high and low, which she is labouring to mend, have no sympathy with this respect. They laugh at these things, and do not understand them; and therefore, the solid sense which she presses, perhaps, rather too closely upon them, though it admits of relief from wit and direct pathos, really could not be combined with the more

luxuriant ornaments of an ardent and tender imagination. We say this merely to obviate the only objection which we think can be made to the execution of these stories; and to justify our decided opinion, that they are actually as *perfect* as it was possible to make them with safety to the great object of the author.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Camilla De Florian, and other Poems. By an Officer's Wife. 12mo. 3s. 6d. 1809.

IF this elegant little volume had not, as it really has, the claim of great tenderness and sensibility, of many ingenious ideas, happily and harmoniously expressed, the following impressive address would disarm criticism and excite a friendly sympathy.

" TO THE REVIEWERS.

" Ah! say, who blames the wintry bird,
When storms have chilled its frozen,
trembling wing,
If then its notes are feebler heard,
Than those in gilded palaces who sing?
E'en taste will urge, as generous bounty
pours,
That sweeter notes may rise in happier
hours :

" So 'mid the winter of my days,
My humble lays affection bids me try;
Not now to meet soft friendship's
praise,
But the stern glance of judgment's
keener eye.
E'en in the hour when Fate her dart has
thrown
To wound a heart far dearer than my
own.

" No vain presumption hither brings,
No conscious merit does a hope impart;
I seek to bear to healing springs
The faded, wounded husband of my
heart,
O spare the verse my trembling hand
unveils
Respect the motive, tho' the effort fails."

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Husband and the Lover. A Historical and Moral Romance, in Three Volumes.
8vo. 18s. 1809.

WE learn from a modest note at the end of these volumes, and we can assure the author that we perused the work from its commencement to its conclusion, that it is a first attempt, and by a lady. But it may safely be asserted, that it would do no discredit to any writer of great experience in either sex. The story is founded on the well known life and character of the great Sobieski, king of Poland; and from his residence in France, before he entered on the great career of his glory, a story is formed romantick indeed, as it is

acknowledged to be; but full of ingenious contrivance, interesting events, remarkably well drawn characters, noble sentiments, and elegant language. If a crowd of publications did not press upon us, all of which, agreeably to our plan of giving our readers a consistent history of the literature of our country, must in turn be noticed, we would willingly have discussed the merits of this work in a more extended article. It has amused us exceedingly; and is so very far superior to any thing which we have lately perused of the kind, that it bids

fair to preserve a place in the portion of a miscellaneous library assigned to the works of Burney, Ratcliffe, West, &c. Throughout, historical facts are very ingeniously blended with fictitious characters and events. The main incident, namely, that of Sobieski's exerting his influence with Louis XIV. to make a son of his, by the marchioness de Briscacier, a

duke, is a well known fact. The behaviour of the marquis after discovering his wife's infidelity, is perhaps among the greatest improbabilities of the book; but the defects are neither many nor important, considering its claims of blending most satisfactorily much instruction with great amusement.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Le Souterrain, &c. i. e. The Cavern, or The Two Sisters. By Madame F. Herbster. 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1809.

WHEN we are informed that the groundwork of this novel is true, we know not how far the assertion is meant to extend. But a perusal of the tale convinces us that a considerable portion of fiction is blended with the matters of fact. Various travellers have given accounts of the perforated rocks in the vicinity of Tours, the scene of the principal adventures here recorded; and it is not improbable that, during the horrors of the French revolution, so fatal to the nobility, some persecuted individuals might have meditated and actually found an asylum in the caverns or grottos of these rocks. But, it is not easy to believe that so comfortable a subterranean habitation, as is here described, could have been found, and have been furnished as the hiding place of a noble family. While it is even much less credible that two orphan females, the eldest being but twelve and the youngest only six years old, could have made their way from Paris to this retreat, and have maintained themselves, without servants, and without being discovered. It is sufficiently probable, however, that a count and countess, in the bloody reign of the monster *Robespierre*, might have been violently torn from their children; and that all parties, under the protection of Divine Providence, might have been preserved through a thousand dangers, and

happily restored to each other, after a lapse of years. We should suppose, indeed, that this is the *fond* of the little novel before us; which is interesting, and calculated to make pious and amiable impressions on the minds of feeling and well disposed readers. Every line is favourable to virtue; and, as no school is equal to that of misfortune for training the heart to the duties of humanity, the picture here delineated may be regarded as not less natural than instructive. The author remarks, that few French novels are fit to be put into the hands of young persons. Madame Herbster might have added, "or of old people." And it is at least a negative recommendation of *Le Souterrain*, that it is free from those faults with which French compositions of the lighter kind, too much abound. The story is interlarded with no insidious and dangerous principles; but the whole breathes sentiments of devotion, and trust in Providence; of parental tenderness, and filial affection; of gratitude to benefactors, and, of kindness to our fellow creatures. As the story is affecting, an abstract of it will not, perhaps, be unacceptable.

In the rich and fertile valley of Tours, which may not improperly be called, the garden of France, on the banks of the Loire, is a small chain of rocks, which looks to the southeast, and is protected from the

northern winds by the ancient forest of Roseville. Many of these rocks are inhabited by peasants, whose toil is recompensed by the vines which cover them.

As the count de Roseville, who owned a great part of this beautiful country, was one day hunting, he was suddenly overtaken by a violent storm, and forced to seek refuge in a place which had formerly been a lime-kiln. Walking up and down, waiting the abatement of the tempest, his dog conducted him through several turnings, to a vast cavity, which seemed to extend under the whole chain of the rocks. This incident occurred on the 30th of June, 1792, when the noblesse were pursued and imprisoned, and when the terrible 10th of August, and first days of September, were preparing; and, as the count lived in the constant apprehension of being arrested, a thought naturally suggested itself, that this cavern, so providentially, as it were, pointed out to him, might, during the bloody convulsions of the revolution, serve for the retreat of himself, his wife, and his children. On his return to the castle, he communicated the scheme which he had formed, to his lady, and also to a faithful domestick, of whose service he availed himself in carrying it into execution. On the following day, they visited the spot, accompanied by their two children. By the help of torches, they discovered a dark passage, which the count had not previously observed, conducting to a subterranean grotto, supported by four pillars of rock; and in the middle rose a fountain, which, falling in a cascade into a basin, subterraneously passed away. A pleasant light entered through the fissures of the rock. Further on, they discovered several other grottos, which could easily be made habitable; and in one of them was an opening between two huge stones, so placed as to admit light and exclude rain. A long corridor ended in a kind of lofty rotunda, inaccessible to

the day; behind which was a winding passage, that led to a part of the rock different from that at which the count had entered. The faithful domestick, Richard, then contrived, by cases filled with clay, serving as doors, so to obscure the entrances as to prevent all suspicion of the cavities within. Six weeks after the discovery, the count and his servant had managed, by the clay-doors, by matting, by old tapestry on the sides of the grottos, and by the furniture which they had secretly conveyed, to make this *sous-terrain* habitable. The great cave was prepared for the chamber of the countess, and one on each side for her two daughters. These were enclosed by doors covered with sheep's skins, to exclude the cold. A kitchen was at no great distance, with closets, containing necessaries of all kinds, particularly oil and charcoal. Lamps, disposed at proper intervals, gave light in the dark parts of the rock; and the rotunda was made a study, illuminated by a lamp, suspended from the roof, and furnished with a piano, a harp, a library of excellent books, port-folios of drawings, &c.

Well might the countess survey all these preparations with approbation: but it is wonderful that two persons should have executed them in so short a time. Scarcely, however, were they finished, and the count had returned to his castle, when, a few days after the horribly memorable 10th of August, he was arrested, *in the name of the law*, and dragged to Paris, leaving his wife and children in the greatest agony and consternation. The countess and her two daughters, Gabrielle and Augustine, were conveyed by Richard, the faithful valet, to the subterranean retreat, together with the valuable property which they could remove; and when he had secured his charge, he proposed to go to Paris, in the hope of being serviceable to his master, or at least, of conveying him some money. Moved by this proposition, the countess herself resolved to fly to her

husband, and either to succour him, or to share his fate. They then *all* left the cave; and having disguised themselves in the dress of peasants, they proceeded by the ordinary conveyance to Paris. Here Richard disappeared; and the count was discovered through the grating of a miserable prison. Almost distracted, the countess left her lodging, and, having first sewed money in the corsets of her children, and instructed them how to pass the barriers, she counselled them, if she should not return to them in two days, to travel back, as poor children, to the retreat in the rock. Having effected her purpose of forcing her way into the prison, in which her husband was confined, the children were left orphans; and no mother returning to protect them, they obeyed her injunctions, and, by the charitable aid of innkeepers, masters of *voitures*, &c. these two infantine sisters made their way from Paris to Tours; took possession of the grotto; and supported themselves in this retreat for the long term of six years. At last they were traced to the rock; and a fine muslin handkerchief, marked G. R. was picked up. Curiosity, in conjunction with the admiration of female beauty, operating on a young man, he discovered the clay doors, and the mode of opening them; and, entering with his uncle, they surprised the recluses, when Gabrielle was singing the following air:

"Sous ces sombres rochers, impénétrable
asile,
J'élève, en gémissant mes accens vers les
cieux;
Sans crainte et sans remords, on y vivroit
tranquille;
Mais loin de ses parens, pourroit on vivre
heureux?

"Orpheline, et sans guide, au printemps
de ma vie,
Jamais je n'ai vu luire un rayon de bon-
heur,
La fleur de mes beaux jours sera bientôt
flétrie.
Les soupirs et l'attente ont desséché mon
cœur.

"O mes parens chéris! ô ma sensible
mère!

Languirai-je toujours loin du monde et de
vous?

Le ciel ouroit-il donc borné votre carrière?
Et la terre déjà nous contient-elle tous?

"O toi de qui les soins ont guidé notre
enfance,

Toi qui nous as donné de si tendres parens;
Toi que touchent toujours les pleurs de
l'innocence.

Grand Dieu! sauve mon père, et rends-lui
ses enfans.

"Et toi, ma sœur, ma fille et mon unique
amie,

En partageant mes maux, tu sais les adou-
cir;

T'aimer est le seul bien qui m'attache à
la vie;

Augustine, sans toi, je n'aurois qu'à
mourir."

The sisters fainted at the sight of strangers; but, when they recovered from their affright, a pleasing explanation took place. Gabrielle and Augustine found an uncle and a cousin in the obtruding visitants; who, being now in possession of Roseville castle, removed them from the *souterrain* to their original residence. They then accompanied their uncle to Paris, in search of their parents; and on the road, they rewarded those who were their benefactors, when, as poor children, they required the aid of the keepers of inns and coach-drivers. On their return to Roseville, love began to exercise its power, and marriages were meditated. The anniversary of their being found was honoured with a most splendid fête; when the count and countess, who had been sentenced to exile in Cayenne, had been shipwrecked, and having passed through St. Domingo, Jamaica, and England, returned to their own castle. Thus the misfortunes which the revolution had occasioned, were terminated in a joyful interview of all the parties; for even the missing Richard is added to the groupe.

The dramatick conclusion of this piece induces us to believe, that fic-

tion has lent her aid, with no sparing hand, to complete the effect. All the characters are amiable, and all have reason to be satisfied with their conduct. Virtue, under the aid of divine Providence, not only combating with misfortune, but, at last, triumphing over it; and the power of religion, in bracing the mind to meet, with fortitude,

tude, the severest trials, and aiding us to perform our duty under them, are pictures which are always useful to man, and are of peculiar importance to the rising generation. The seeds of those moral qualities which form the character, are sown much more early in life than we generally suppose.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Memoirs of William Paley, D. D. By G. H. Meadley. pp. 216. To which is added an Appendix. pp. 168. 1809.

THIS biographer appears to be a plain sort of a person, not mightily gifted, indeed, with the talent of writing; but sufficiently so to tell a common story, and make common remarks. He comes forward with no great pretensions, telling us that he knows his work is very imperfect, and that his motive for undertaking it was the desire of doing justice to the memory of Paley. We can believe that this motive may have been a principal one; but we suspect that one or two others have been accessory. We surmise that he was partly swayed by a certain desire of making a book; which same desire has further impelled him to spin out his memoirs, by introducing needless repetitions, and dwelling too much on trivial circumstances—also, to fill up half of a goodly octavo, by cramming in analyses of Paley's sermons, tracts formerly published, &c. In fact, a memoir of Paley's life might have been properly attached to some edition of his works; but is far too scanty of matter for a separate publication. We surmise, moreover, that another motive, operating on our biographer, was a desire of professing, before the publick, the sanction of Dr. Paley's name, for what he is pleased to call, the cause of civil and religious liberty. Certain it is, that he takes no common pains to impress upon us, what is undoubtedly true:—That this excellent man was always the warm

friend of religious toleration; and also to make us believe that he wished to abolish, or to relax, subscription to the articles of our established church. However, we are by no means disposed to quarrel with Mr. Meadley, and are glad to glean from him some little account of Dr. Paley's life.

It is pleasing to trace the progress of a distinguished character to eminence, by the natural buoyancy of merit, without any underhand arts, or mean attachments to party, or servile cringings to great people. Paley, born in 1743, was the son of a country clergyman, schoolmaster at Giggleswick, in Yorkshire. Educated under his father, he gave promise rather of fair abilities, than of distinguished excellence. His mind was, from the first, remarkably active and inquiring. In bodily movements he was always singularly clumsy.

"I was never a good horseman," he used to say of himself, "and when I followed my father on a poney of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times. I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside, and say: 'Take care of thy money, lad.'"—p. 5.

His father, at this time, perceived the germ of his future distinction.

"My son," he said, "is now gone to college—He will turn out a great man—very great indeed—I am certain of it; for he has, by far, the clearest head I ever met with in my life."—p. 7.

He appeared at the University as a raw, uncouth, unformed sizar, singular in dress and manner, not remarkable for regular, studious habits, but recommending himself by his good humour, social talent, and general ability. He obtained the publick distinction of senior wrangler, on taking his degree, and had afterwards a bachelor's prize adjudged to him for a latin dissertation.

For a short time subsequent to his first degree, he underwent the drudgery of acting as usher, at a private school, at Greenwich. Fortunately, he soon quarrelled with the schoolmaster, and, having been elected fellow of the college to which he belonged, fixed his residence in the university. He spent about ten years of his life engaged in the business of academical tuition. His reputation in this situation rose extremely high. He was remarkable for the happy talent of adapting his lectures singularly well to the apprehensions of his pupils. He was considered as belonging to what was called the liberal party in the university, in politicks and religion. In 1772, he was invited to sign the petition for relief in the matter of subscription to the articles, then presented to parliament. His refusal was conveyed in the jocular terms, that "he could not afford to keep a conscience." His biographer acts, we think, no very friendly part, when he attributes this refusal to prudential motives, acting in opposition to his real sentiments. Paley was a man of the most unvarnished honesty. We are convinced, that his refusal must have been founded on a real disapprobation of the measure itself; of the means adopted in furthering it; or of the persons engaged in promoting it.

In 1776, he married, and retired to a small living in Westmoreland; but was soon advanced, successively, by his friend Dr. Law, then bishop of Carlisle, to a prebendal stall, the archdeaconry, and chancellorship of the diocese. In this retirement, he

digested and prepared his great work, the *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, which appeared in 1785. His *Hora Paulinæ* followed in 1790, and his *Evidence of Christianity* in 1794. After the latter publication, preferment, the well earned fruit of his services and talents, poured fast upon him. In the space of one year, he was presented by different patrons to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's; the subdeanery of Lincoln; and the valuable rectory of bishop Wearmouth. The latter place was the scene of his declining years. His *Natural Theology*, which appeared in 1802, was the only literary work in which he afterwards engaged. He made himself practically useful, by carefully performing the offices of a parish priest; discharging the more active duties of a magistrate; and guarding the moral conduct of his neighbours. A painful disorder, which visited the close of his useful life, marked him to be, in the hard task of suffering, as well as in acting, a firm, sincere Christian. In 1804, the respect, and the regret of all good men, followed him to the grave.

Paley was, in private life, a cheerful, social, unassuming character; of an equable temper, satisfied with his present lot, devoid of restless, craving ambition. He entered with great zest into the common enjoyments of life. He never assumed an austere character of sanctity and stiffness, but was anxious to promote good humour and harmless mirth on all occasions. His conversation was free and unrestrained, wholly untainted with that pedantick gravity and cold superciliousness, in which superior talent is too apt to clothe itself. He was remarkable for an extensive acquaintance with men and manners. He had a strong relish of wit; a copious fund of anecdote; and told a story with peculiar archness and naiveté. He was a particular admirer of theatrical performances. Even in his latest years, he would place himself in a conspicuous part of a provincial theatre,

when any celebrated performer arrived in his neighbourhood.

He appears to have been, at no time, a regular, profound student. He was able to chain his attention closely to any particular subject which he had in hand. But his general habit was, to engage in desultory reading, to pursue any train of casual investigation, and to enlarge his store of knowledge from every quarter. His mind, in fact, was never idle, always searching for matter of observation, and laying up food for reflection. He was peculiarly happy in the talent of gleaning information from persons of different habits and professions with whom he conversed.

Such was Paley in the private walks of life. Of his mental talents and acquirements, of his publick principles and opinions, the estimate must be drawn from his writings.

One very prominent and very amiable feature of character displayed in his works, is a candid allowance of the errors, prejudices, and partialities of others. A spirit of liberality, fairness, and moderation, tempers all his opinions. He is never so blindly bigoted to what he himself approves, as not to be aware that an opposing bias, or a different cast of thought, may cause others to draw conclusions directly the reverse. He is every where the friend to enlightened policy and free discussion. In some of his opinions on publick questions, it has been his fate to be censured by opposite parties. He has gone too far for some, and not far enough for others. All, we believe, with few exceptions, have agreed, that he has spoken honestly, opinions weighed maturely; that as he has sought his results coolly, so he has expressed them dispassionately; that he has always aimed at advancing the great cause of truth, and of lending the best support to good government and social order.

On his qualifications and talents as a writer, we have touched already. He did not possess a comprehensive

and grasping genius, nor was he endowed with a rich and sparkling imagination. His mind was well informed, but not furnished with deep, extensive, ponderous erudition. We do not find him, like a Hoadley, or a Warburton, opening a vast battery of learning, and bringing forward a copious store of illustrating matter on the point which he is discussing. His distinguishing characteristick is a penetrating understanding, and a clear, logical head. What he himself comprehends fully, that he details luminously. He never builds a conclusion on unsound or insufficient premises. He takes a subject to pieces with the nice skill of a master, presents to us distinctly its several parts, and explains them with accuracy and truth. He illustrates his meaning with apposite remarks, and much various allusion. He makes great amends for the want of abstruse erudition, by a large fund of various, common-place knowledge, and a thorough acquaintance with men and manners. He has been taxed with a want of originality. If it is merely meant that he has chiefly taken in hand, subjects in which others have preceded him, the charge is obviously true. But still, in the line of discussion which he takes, he strikes generally out of the beaten track; he pursues new trains of investigation; places matters in a new light; lays down new principles, and illustrates by new arguments. In fact, he has the peculiar merit of being often truly original, where a common writer could only have been a tame and servile imitator. "He is thought less original than he really is," says an ingenious writer,* "merely because his taste and modesty, have led him to disdain the ostentation of novelty; and therefore, he generally employs more art to blend his own arguments with the body of received opinions, so that they are scarce to be distinguished, than other men, in the pursuit of a transient popularity,

* Mackintosh.

nave exerted to disguise the most miserable common-places in the shape of a paradox."

But he has left us one work, much less generally known and read than it deserves to be, which is truly original in its subject, in its construction, and in its details. We allude to his *Horræ Paulinæ*. In this, he traces a new species of internal evidence for the authenticity of St. Paul's epistles, by observing the undesigned and less obvious coincidence of allusions and expressions, with the narrative in the acts of the apostle. In his statement of the value of this species of argument he is clear and judicious. In pointing out the several passages which furnish the proof, he shows a most intimate acquaintance with St. Paul's writings, the fruit of patient investigation, and most close attention. He is singularly ingenious in hitting on a casual agreement, where a common mind would have overlooked it. He appreciates with judgment, the true value of every head of evidence which he brings. He makes his deduction, just as far as that instance bears him out, and no farther; and, on proper occasions, he presses his reasonings with convincing force. Thus, he has furnished a mass of most valuable evidence, which is peculiarly his own, and which no one else could have invented so well, or traced so clearly. He has given, too, an admirable model for similar investigations on other subjects. Had he produced no other work, his fame would have stood on no weak or narrow basis.

Amongst the tracts and papers, with which Mr. Meadley has contrived to swell his volume, is a tract on the question of subscription to the articles, published in 1774, in defence of a pamphlet of bishop Law's. In

bringing this to notice as an undoubted work of Dr. Paley's, we think that he suffers his zeal against the church, by law established, to outstrip his regard for his friend's reputation. He is by no means warranted in decidedly ascribing it to Dr. Paley. He produces no direct evidence; does not pretend that it was ever, in any circumstances, avowed; and merely pleads general report. We must be allowed to suspend, at least, our judgment on the subject. Internal evidence, we think, is strong against the fact. An acrimonious spirit of controversy pervades the tract, foreign to Paley's general manner. At times, there is a puerile flippancy of remark. The argument is, in some parts, directed against all means of securing a conformity of faith in the ministers of any established church, an opinion which Paley never maintained, and the bare supposition of his holding which is an impeachment of his understanding. We must contend, that a discreet friend to his memory, *who had no prejudices of his own to gratify*, would not have been thus forward to give, on very disputable grounds, the sanction of his name to this production.

On the whole, Paley was an amiable, and a respectable character, in all the departments of life; one who taught well, and defended ably, truths which he firmly believed, and duties which he admirably practised. Superiors he has undoubtedly had in those high talents and vast acquirements which dazzle and astonish; but still a place must be allowed him in the very foremost rank of eminence, if the consideration of his actual abilities be combined with that of their useful application; if his claim on the applauses of mankind, be united with that on their gratitude.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Amelie Mansfield. Par Madame Cottin. 3 tom. 12mo. Londres. 1809.

NOVELS are read so generally, and with such avidity, by the young of both sexes, that they cannot fail to have a considerable influence on the virtue and happiness of society. Yet their authors do not always appear to be sensible of the serious responsibility attached to their voluntary task. In several novels which we frequently observe in the parlours of respectable families, there cannot be a doubt, that the warmth of colouring, in certain passages, produces, in the imaginations of many of their readers, disorders which are far from being sufficiently corrected by the moral maxims, the good examples, or the warning events. Of such grievous misdemeanors Fielding is notoriously guilty. Other writers, also, from whom better things might have been expected, have stained their pages with indelicate details. But the practice is a shameful violation of good manners, and admits of no excuse; for either the details are superfluous, which is most frequently the case; or else the story should be suppressed altogether, as one which will do more harm than good to far the greater number of those who will certainly peruse it.

But there is another way in which it may be apprehended that novels are frequently hurtful. The *epic* poem and the *romance* of *chivalry* transport us to a world of wonders, where supernatural agents are mixed with the human characters; where the human characters themselves are prodigies, and where events are produced by causes widely and manifestly different from those which regulate the course of human affairs. With such a world we do not think of comparing our actual situation; to such characters we do not presume to assimilate ourselves or our neighbours; from such a concatenation of marvels we draw no conclusions with re-

gard to our own expectations in real life. But real life is the very thing which *novels* affect to imitate; and the young and inexperienced will sometimes be too ready to conceive that the picture is true, in those respects at least in which they wish it to be so. Hence both their temper, conduct, and happiness may be materially injured. For novels are often *romantick*; not, indeed, by the relation of what is obviously miraculous or impossible; but by deviating, though perhaps insensibly, beyond the bounds of probability or consistency. And the girl who dreams of the brilliant accomplishments and enchanting manners which distinguish the favourite characters in those fictitious histories, will be apt to look with contempt on the most respectable and amiable of her acquaintance; while in the showy person and flattering address of some contemptible, and perhaps profligate coxcomb, she may figure to herself the prototype of her imaginary heroes, the only man upon earth with whom it is possible to be happy. Nay, if she should venture to indulge her lover with a private assignation, she knows from those authentick records that her conduct is sanctioned by the example of ladies of the most inflexible virtue. She may still plead the same authority for her justification, if, for the sake of this fascinating youth, she render herself an outcast from her station and her family. Whatever she may give up, she has learned from her oracles that no sacrifice can be too great for real love; that real love, such as subsists, and ever will subsist, between herself and the best of men, is adequate to fill every hour of her existence, and to supply the want of every other gratification, and every other employment. And although she may be prevented by fortunate circumstances, or by the prevalence

of better principles from exhibiting, in her own fate, the catastrophe of a melancholy novel; yet, tinctured with such notions, she must, even in prosperity, be lamentably disappointed in her fondest hopes, and look with a joyless heart to the society of ordinary mortals, to the ordinary duties and ordinary comforts of life; those duties which the sober minded discharge with cheerfulness, and those comforts in which they acquiesce with contentment and delight.

But whatever may be the case with other novels, we were led to anticipate great satisfaction from the perusal of *Amelia Mansfield*; for the title page informs us that it is the work of Madame Cottin, the author of *Elizabeth*, or the *Exiles of Siberia*, one of the most beautiful, interesting, and edifying narratives with which we are acquainted. It exhibits human nature in a most engaging and instructive view; conjugal and parental love brightening the winter of adversity; and filial piety inspiring an amiable girl with a fortitude which no hardships or dangers could subdue. Nor are these the visions of imagination only. The author assures us, in her preface, that the subject of her history was true, and that both the virtues and the sufferings of the real heroine were beyond the description. In fact, what in a novel might be considered as romantick fictions are not superior to the noble examples which real life has exhibited of a wife, a daughter, or a mother's love. Such examples have a powerful tendency both to purify and exalt the character. And from the evidence which *Elizabeth* afforded of a sound judgment and well regulated mind, as well as of uncommon talents, we should have conceived that any work which was sanctioned by the name of Madame Cottin, might, from that circumstance alone, be recommended with confidence for a young lady's library.

With these prepossessions we began the novel before us. It is certain-

ly a work of genius; but we regretted to find it in many respects very unlike what we had promised ourselves from the author of *Elizabeth*; and we now proceed to mention so much of the story and of the manner in which it is told, as may point out on what grounds our opinion is founded.

The count of Woldemar had one son and two daughters. By his son, the baron of Woldemar, he had a grandson Ernest. He had grandchildren also by each of his daughters; for one of them was married to the count of Lunebourg, father of the heroine *Amelia*, and of her brother Albert; and the other was married to the baron of Geysa, and had a daughter Blanche. Now the old count of Woldemar was exceedingly proud of his family, which we are told, had given electors to Saxony, and kings to Poland; and having seen his children married suitably to their dignity, he thought proper to extend the same care to his grandchildren, that after his death the blood of the Woldemars might not be polluted, at least to the third generation. So he made a will, by which he appointed his grandson Ernest heir of his fortune and title on the condition of marrying *Amelia*. In case of refusal on her part he deprived her of her share in his fortune, and the young gentleman's hand was next to be offered to Blance of Geysa on the same terms. If the young man himself should be refractory, he lost his claim to his grandfather's inheritance which, in that case, devolved upon Albert, with the obligation of marrying Blanche.

Having made this judicious settlement, which he might as well have let alone, the old count died when Ernest was ten years old, *Amelia* scarcely nine, and her brother Albert fourteen. While he was yet living, all his grandchildren had been educated together at his own house, an arrangement which he conceived would facilitate his favourite plan. But here he was mistaken. The

young people quarrelled at their romps; and Amelia could not bear the haughty spirit of Ernest, who appears to have been a spoiled child. One day in particular, he endeavoured to make her swear obedience to him as her future husband; for with the same prudence which seems to have directed all the measures of this far sighted old gentleman, they had, even when children, been informed of their grandfather's will. Amelia stoutly refused, and struggled to get free. Her brother came to rescue her. Ernest knocked him down with a large book, and then made her own pretty mouth bleed by his endeavours to stop her cries of murder. What was still worse, he refused, even at his mother's entreaty, to ask Amelia's pardon, pleading his right to insist on his wife's obedience. His mother, who seems to have had more sense than her father-in-law, though she had as much pride as if she had been of his own blood, very wisely sent her son to the university of Leipsick, without insisting on an interview between the young couple in their present temper; and Amelia, enraged at his want of submission, as soon as it was reported to her, swore an oath of her own, that he never should be hers, the direct counterpart of the oath which Ernest had dictated.

In these dispositions Ernest and Amelia parted, and saw each other no more for many years afterwards. In the mean time, his preceptors at the university, though they acknowledged the superiority of his genius and his progress in his studies, complained of his haughty and inflexible spirit, and threatened, on that account, to send him back to his family. Provoked at the threat, he quitted the university by his own authority, and returned home. Here he did not find Amelia, who was living with her parents. His mother, who was now a widow, intrusted him to the care of a steady young man, who, though but six years older than himself, and accustomed to reprove him with free-

dom, had alone acquired an ascendant over him. With this companion she sent him to travel, and had the satisfaction of hearing that the most favourable changes were taking place in his character and conduct.

But Amelia, steady to the aversion produced by their childish quarrels, lent a deaf ear to his mother's representations, and listened only to the accounts of his former misdemeanors. There was, however, another cause, which contributed still more to her alienation from Ernest. She had fallen in love with Mansfield, a young poet, who, on account of his talents, was received by her parents with distinction and kindness, not as one who could ever think of aspiring to their daughter's hand, but as a man of genius, whom they admired and protected. We shall not follow all the progress of this courtship, which is very prettily detailed in a narrative of Amelia's. Only we beg leave to observe, that a well educated girl, who had any thing like a proper regard for her reputation, or a proper sense of her dignity, should have resented, as an insult, the proposal which her lover presumed to make, of meeting him privately in the evening, "under the great yew trees of the little park;" a proposal the more improper, as the only pretence which he alleged, was, that she might bid him farewell. In short, although her father, on his deathbed had insisted, and her brother had solemnly assured her, that her marriage with Ernest should be left to her own free choice, yet, without condescending to wait a year or two, till she might have an opportunity to judge for herself, if her cousin was, indeed, as amiable as he was now represented, she forsook all for love, and eloped with the poet.

For this rash step she suffered severely; and here, we presume, the history is intended for a warning to those young ladies who marry in haste. That her family should renounce her, was only what she must have expected. Her brother, however,

though provoked at her indiscretion, remained firmly attached to her; but Mansfield, for whom she had made such a sacrifice, and who had sworn that his love should end only with his life, Mansfield grew unfaithful and profligate, forsook her at last, and was killed by a Russian officer in a quarrel about an opera girl. From that period she lived at Dresden for three years in the most profound obscurity, having no comfort but her brother's tenderness, being permitted to see Blanche once only during all that time, and entirely disowned by every other relation.

But after this long season of distress, happier days arose again on poor Amelia. Her husband's uncle, Mr. Grandson, a plain but respectable old man, had retired to a delightful residence in Switzerland, where he lived in splendour on the fortune which he had made by commerce, and invited Amelia to be the mistress of his house, and to inherit his wealth. Warned as she had been of the miseries arising from imprudence, we may now expect that it can only be some external calamity which is to disturb her repose. We have no suspicion that she will ever forget the good resolutions which she expresses so beautifully in a letter to her brother.

In a dark and tempestuous night of February, Henry Semler and his attendants were saved by the exertions of Mr. Grandson's domesticks from perishing in the snow, and welcomed with the utmost humanity and kindness to a safe shelter in the abode of wealth and beauty. Of this hospitality, Semler was unworthy. He came under a fictitious name for a most unmanly purpose. He was no other than our old acquaintance Ernest, the young count of Woldemar. Indignant that a man so low as Mansfield should have been preferred to him, he had stolen away from his companion, with the hope of finding some means to introduce himself to Amelia as a stranger; and his inten-

tion was to gain her affections, and then to abandon her with contempt. This was certainly a design which no one who deserved the name of a gentleman, could entertain for a moment; yet with unpardonable inconsistency, the author evidently intends that Ernest should be regarded as a man of a high and generous spirit.

But as the wicked are often caught in their own snare, so our promising youth became desperately enamoured with Amelia, though he could not endure the thought of marrying Mansfield's widow, or of wounding, by such a union, his mother's happiness, to whom he was tenderly attached. And now the author puts forth all her strength in describing the struggles between love, pride, and filial affection, and the gradual, but fatal triumph of love. Although Ernest never condescended to give any account of his situation, and, for some time at least, declared, that to their marriage, there were obstacles which he knew not how to surmount, yet Amelia permits his tender assiduities. The good uncle, however, who never dreamed of any thing but an honourable courtship, but who thought it long in coming to a proper conclusion, hastened the catastrophe which he meant to prevent. Upon his remonstrances, Ernest declared that he would soon be free, and happy to marry Amelia, but declined an immediate union. He was ordered by Mr. Grandson to quit the house instantly; but Amelia was moved to compassion by his rueful countenance, and with inexcusable rashness, granted him a private interview at midnight. Here he swore to be her husband, and she, as might be expected, forfeited her title to a station among virtuous women. But after all his oaths, the fickle youth was persuaded by his mother to renounce his mistress; and we have now a tale of sorrows, in many places admirably told, and deeply interesting. Amelia, worn out with anguish, died at the moment when the countess of Wol-

demar consented to their union, and Ernest could not survive the woman whom he had forsaken.

In this novel we certainly find much to admire, and much even to approve; but there are some things so improper as to disgrace and discredit the whole work.

For the reasons suggested in the beginning of this article, every person of good morals will concur in reprobating the indelicacy of certain passages. But independently of this circumstance, it is extremely improper that such characters as Ernest and Amelia should be held up, as they evidently are, to our love and esteem.

In the character of Ernest we have already taken notice of one particular, which is decidedly inconsistent with a high or generous mind. But we find him still more reprehensible as we advance in the history. With a profligacy incompatible both with honour and humanity he forsakes Amelia, after he had repeatedly bound himself to her by engagements which every honest man would regard as indissoluble, and which became, if possible, of still stronger obligation when he had reduced her to a situation where his infidelity must be the source of irretrievable misery. The author endeavours to screen him from reproach, by ascribing this painful sacrifice to his apprehensions for his mother's life. But unless these apprehensions could have excused him for abandoning his wife, who had never injured him, they could not excuse him for abandoning Amelia. In fact, his mother had no right to demand the sacrifice, and was both unjust and cruel in demanding it. And without troubling our readers with detailing the mean artifices to which he stooped, in order to conceal from Amelia his real name and situation, or with suggesting the deliberate baseness of concealing what she had so unquestionable an interest and right to know, enough has been said to point out the gross impropriety

into which the author has fallen, in the formation of her hero's character. We do not insist that the hero of a fictitious history should be faultless. The history may be both interesting and instructive, by representing the gradual perversion of a character originally good, or by the awful warning which is exhibited when a man of real worth is driven by the frenzy of passion, to the perpetration of a deed which the next moment tortures him with remorse, and ends in his ruin. But the author must never forget, that while the victim of passion continues enslaved to passion, while the character originally good continues perverted, so long they must be represented as objects of abhorrence. Besides, there are designs which the worthless only can deliberately form, or even entertain for a moment; and our author has conceived and brought forth a hero, who, to high pretensions of honour and an exquisite sensibility of virtue, unites feelings and practices which can belong only to a profligate scoundrel. Yet this monstrous production is to be the object of our love and esteem, for he is esteemed and beloved by persons of the most exemplary virtue, who are perfectly apprized of the whole of his conduct.

When again we turn to the heroine, we cannot say that the author has furnished our young ladies with a very edifying speculation. We pass over her conduct before her arrival in Switzerland; but we must observe, that from the beginning of her attachment to Ernest, she falls into a series of deliberate improprieties which can hardly be supposed in a young woman of good sense and good principles. It was folly and meanness, to permit the assiduities of a man who had never condescended to give an account of himself. It was worse to permit the continuance of those assiduities, and even of indiscreet familiarities, after he had presumed to declare, that, although he was unmarried, he could only be her friend. But when under those most question-

able circumstances, she consented to a private and midnight interview, it is plain that if it had ended innocently, the lady would have been indebted, not to her own virtue, but to her lover's forbearance. Nor is there any real penitence to restore her to esteem: for even when she has every reason to believe that the man who injured her so deeply had basely forsaken her, she continues still the slave of a disgraceful passion. When she is forsaking her child to go in quest of her faithless lover, we find in her journal the following words among others still more disgusting. "Dis, homme cruel ! es-tu satisfait de la passion qui me devore ? son empire est-il assez terrible ? et la puissance que tu exerces sur mon lâche cœur te laisse-t-elle quelque chose à désirer?"

We may be told, indeed, that, doomed as she is to sufferings so severe, her errors whatever they may be, will be considered as a warning, not as a model. This might be the case if her sufferings arose from her errors. But her sufferings arise from quite different causes. Her lover does not forsake her because she ceased to be respectable, but because he could not resist his mother's solicitations. Her imprudent attachment to Mansfield is, indeed, attended with the punishments which were its natural consequences; but her worse than imprudent conduct with Ernest, does not at all alienate her friends; she is still beloved as the most amiable and revered, as the most respectable of women; and, but for the most improbable concurrence of two most improbable circumstances, the silliness of Ernest and the unnatural barbarity of his mother, her crime would

have conducted her at once to dignity and splendour. Now, we are apprehensive that many readers may be more encouraged by the happiness which might be expected to crown her guilt than warned by the melancholy catastrophe which is produced entirely and obviously by accidental causes. And although it is true that in the midst of her desolation she is stung with the pangs of remorse, it is an obvious reflection that these pangs would soon subside if she were united to her lover. Indeed, this reflection is forced upon us, because, in the deepest remorse and deepest misery, she still glories in her shame; she adores him whom she must have considered as completely worthless, and dwells on the happiness of her love with all the exaggerations of the wildest fancy, and with an eloquence which cannot but be fatally impressive on a youthful mind.

Upon the whole, we cannot recommend the book. We object to the indelicacy in some places. We object to those representations which encourage the vicious to hope for success. We object to those romantick visions which throw into a dead gloom the brightest scenes of real life. We object to those incompatible assemblages of virtues and vices, which must either shock us by their incongruity, or pervert our sentiments of right and wrong. We lament that such a work should have proceeded from the author of Elizabeth; and still more, that there should be a wish in Britain for importing, from the schools of France and Germany, those novels and dramas which tend at once to corrupt the taste and deprave the national character.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Minstrel; or the Progress of Genius. In continuation of the Poem left unfinished by Dr. Beattie. Book the Third. 4to. 4s boards. 1808.

WE trembled for this adventurous muse, who has dared to attempt a continuation of a work which is re-

plete with the most exquisite gems of true poesy; and we entered on the perusal of this *third* book full of ap-

prehension that our disappointment would surpass our pleasure. As, however, we do not suffer our prepossessions to blind our judgment, the merit of the author has sustained no injury; and our examination has convinced us that his presumption was not so great as we were inclined to suppose. If he has not actually caught Dr. Beattie's mantle, he has found a lyre which is much in that writer's fashion, and shows himself capable of sweeping its strings in the style of true minstrelsy. Though not equal to the original bard, he follows at no great distance; and as Dr. B. left his work unfinished, this farther development of the Progress of Genius may be read with interest by all those who were charmed by the former stanzas. The author apologizes for not having pursued the outline of the plan faintly sketched in one of the doctor's letters, lately published by his biographer, sir William Forbes; observing that the verses before us were composed long ago, and would not now have been published if the result of his inquiries had not led him to believe that no materials for the continuation of The Minstrel had been found among Dr. B's papers.

The character of Edwin is well sustained; and the stanzas swell with that tide of verse, flow with that ease, and abound with that richness of imagery, which manifest a soul finely touched and endowed. We need only transcribe that part of the present poem which depicts the blessings of the muse.

"Oh, could I aught of that celestial flame
Acquire, which glowed in SPENSER'S
 holy breast,
How small would be on fortune's gifts
 my claim,
Of nature's stores and nature's love
 possest!
He whom the muse has favoured is most
 blessed:
For him the forest spreads a broader
 shield;

The shades of summer give securest
 rest;
The beauteous vales a livelier verdure
 yield;
And purer flows the stream, and fairer
 smiles the field.

" He envies not the rich imperial board,
Or downy couch for pampered luxury
 spread,
The simple feast that woods and fields
 afford,
The canopy of trees, the natural bed
Of moss by murmuring streams peren-
 nial fed,
In him more genuine heart's content
 excite:
The dazzling rays by brightest dia-
 monds shed
Yield to the fairer glories of the night
That circle round his head in order in-
 finite.

" Such were thy joys, sweet bard, when
 stretched along
By Mulla's fountain head thy limbs re-
 clined,
Where fancy, parent of enchanted song,
Poured the full tide of poesy, refined
From stain of earthly dross, upon thy
 mind.
Thine was the holy dream, when, pure
 and free,
Imagination left the world behind
 ' In that delightful land of Faerie'
Alone to wander, rapt in heavenly min-
 strelsy.

" Oh who, so dull of sense, in heart so
 lost
To Nature's charms and every pure
 delight,
Would rather lie, on the wild billows
 tost
Of vain ambition, with eternal night
Surrounded, and obscured his mental
 sight
By mists of avarice, passion, and deceit?
Not he whose spirit clear, whose genius
 bright,
The muse has ever led, in converse
 sweet,
Within the hallowed glades of her divine
 retreat.

" Not EDWIN—in whose infant breast, I
 ween,
From childish cares and little passions
 free,
Tho' long in shades retired, unmarked,
 unseen,
Had blown the fairest flower of poesy.
That lovely promise of a vigorous tree

Instructed genius found: each straggling shoot
He wisely pruned of its wild liberty,
Turned the rich streams of science
round the root,
And viewed with warm delight the fair
and grateful fruit."

Can a doubt be entertained that the author of such stanzas will obtain from the publick, to whose taste he makes his appeal, any other than such a reception as will induce him to resume his lyre?

The following relates to a duel between Mr. Jeffrey, one of the chief writers in the Edinburgh Review, and Thomas Moore, author of Little's Poems, and translator of Anacreon.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS: A SATIRE. 12mo. 4s. 1808.

SINCE the time of the Baviad, we have not met with a production combining so much severity with so much genuine wit, humour, and real talent. If we, however, had possessed the opportunity, we should certainly have pleaded very powerfully in behalf of one or two, who are lashed with more bitterness than justice; but, on the whole, it must be confessed, that truth is on the side of the author. Nothing can be more certain, than that genuine taste was once more in danger: and high commendation, and great popularity, have attended certain poetical productions, which would hardly endure the test of sound and honest criticism.

We shall enter into no detail of this poem, because it will be universally read; but we think it necessary to subjoin a specimen, in justification of what we have said above. There is exaggeration in the following passage; but its poetical merit is singular.

"Health to great Jeffrey!" Heaven pre-
serve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in his future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of
Mars;
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's† leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bowstreet myrmidons stood laugh-
ing by?

* Jeffrey—one of the writers in the Edinburgh Review.

† Little—Thomas Moore, translator of Anacreon.

Oh! day disastrous! on her firm set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a sacred shock;
Dark rolled the sympathetick waves of
Forth,
Low groaned the startled whirlwinds of
the north;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a
tear,
The other half pursued its calm career;
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes
can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:
Nay, last, not least, on that portentous
morn,
The sixteenth story, where himself was
born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound;
Strowed were the streets around with
milk-white reams,
Flowed all the Canongate with inky
streams;
This of his candour seemed the sable dew,
That of his valour showed the bloodless
hue;
And all with justice deemed the two com-
bined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hovered o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath
of Moore;
From either pistol snatched the vengeful
lead,
And strait restored it to her favourite's
head.
That head, with greater than magnetick
power,
Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden
shower,
And though the thickening dross will
scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine."

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Nubilia in Search of a Husband; including Sketches of modern Society, and interesting moral and literary Disquisitions. Crown 8vo. pp. 456. 9s. Boards. 1809.

IF one writer sends a gentleman in pursuit of a wife, another is sure to take the hint, and to exhibit a lady in search of a husband. Modern book-makers avail themselves of every opportunity of putting their pens in motion, and the success which *Cælebs* has obtained presented a temptation not to be resisted. Accordingly, we find that on the 10th of May, 1809, the author of the present work began his undertaking; and so intent was he on bringing it out in time while *Cælebs* was in course of reading, that by the 3d of June following, he had completed it. We should have pleasure in complimenting him with not having made "more haste than good speed," to use the vulgar proverb; but, strange as it may appear, when we talk of *haste*, it must be confessed, that the composition is throughout laboured; that the reader, instead of being pleasantly carried, is dragged along; and that the book disappoints because it does not answer its title. "Nubilia in search of a husband?" No such thing. *Nubilia* is no forward miss, all whose thoughts by day, and dreams by night, are fixed on marriage. In fact, she seems to think as little of a husband as any woman who ever wore a petticoat. She is as cold as a cloud of snow [*cor inter nubilia condit**] and is more like a philosophick member of the *blue-stocking* club than a young woman commencing the impassioned career of life. Nubilia is a thousand times more out of nature than the Lucilla Stanley of *Cælebs*; and, instead of being in search of a husband, she is fond of funerals, and "loves to hold some mouldering bone within her hands." [p. 164.] At one time, she discusses moral questions with

the gravity of a college-tutor, and at another, she is inflated with bombast. Now she is represented as an Epicetus, endeavouring to give tone and vigour to the mind, and then as "longing for dissolution," because she heard the sounds of an Eolian harp. She, indeed, marries at last; but it is after a great deal of *talking* rather than *searching*. She sees little of the world; and to the first man who is at all estimable in her view, to whom she is introduced after a little Philandering about German literature, she gives her hand. Altogether, the story is very meagre; the transition from one dissertation to another is not very natural, and, as the picture of a young woman "in search of a husband," it is to the last degree disappointing.

It is true that the volume presents matured reflections on morals, society, and literature; but we cannot think that they are with any propriety put into the mouth of a young female. The remarks on education, which are the result of much observation and meditation, are with judgment assigned to Nubilia's father; but, when the parent is removed from the stage, and the author throws the weight of all his disquisitions on the shoulders of the young daughter, we protest against such an *imposition*, to use a university phrase. To these remarks on education, however, some attention is due, especially to such of them as respect the importance of commencing the moral education very early in life; of keeping our word with children; and of securing them from having the first impressions made on their tender minds by our servants, instead of by ourselves. On the first point, we quote the following passage:

"A child who is capable of feeling pleasure or pain at any given event, is ca-

* We introduce this parenthesis to suggest the impropriety of the name. It should have been *Nubilia* instead of *Nubila*.

pable, to a certain degree, of volition, and of the simplest operations of intellect. He is able to distinguish between two objects, and in distinguishing, to determine their respective worth, relatively to himself; accordingly, if one be presented to him he is pleased; if the other, he is displeased. The moment reason has advanced thus far, that moment, I say, the moral education should commence; and in nine cases out of ten, I have seen this progress of reason take place before the eighth month. Then begins our work; it is for us to determine what shall be granted and what denied, and to erect a barrier against the influence of caprice; to wrestle with the first contentions for mastery which betray themselves in every peevish tear that follows a refusal. Mothers and nurses, I know, will exclaim against the cruelty of denying the poor little dear infant; pronounce you hardhearted, unfeeling. Mind it not. Let the storm rage, but proceed steadily in your path, and be assured, that every tear your infant sheds waters a bed of roses, which will bloom with captivating beauty; while every smile that succeeds the completion of capricious desire, is a hot and fecund sun which ripens into maturity the nettle and the weed."

In the superintendence and management of their offspring, parents should make a point of having their *yea*, to be indeed *yea*, and their *nay* to be unalterably *nay*. Here we approve what the author before us has written.

"Let your word be to your child as a wall of brass, impregnable to all assaults. What you have once asserted or commanded, let no entreaties, no tears, no prayers move you to retract. It is thus only that you can do justice to your offspring and yourself. If a child once succeed in making you go from your word, or alter your opinion, farewell to all future obedience from that child! He will always cherish the idea, that by imploring, he can induce you to retract; this idea will make him careless as to what you say, and in time generate even a contempt for your will. But remember, if you lift your hand in wrath against that child, you violate the rights of justice and humanity; for the disobedience you would chastise, you have fostered by your own inconsistency."

From the disquisition on education, we pass to one in which, under the idea of removing the shackles of the married state, wives are encou-

raged in cherishing a friendship for others besides their husbands. This cause is advocated by Nubilia's father, who, in reply to a letter from a friend, expostulating with him on his intimacy with Julia (a married woman) exclaims:

"Does the human heart undergo a metamorphosis after the ritual ceremony of the church? Is the ring a magick circle, whose properties are potent enough to confound all feeling, to hoodwink the mind, to corrupt the natural sentiments of the bosom? Is there, in the words wife and husband, some invisible spirit that pierces through our nature, and curdles the genial current of human affection? Is the wide extended love, the sweet play of the heart, the general delight we take in our species, the natural emotions of the soul; are all these to vanish before the magical incantations of the altar? Are we to turn away from the world, and the world's concerns; are we to crush the kindling warmth, to forego the most endearing intercourse of life, to tear from our hearts the sweet band of union that linked us to our kind, to choak up the living stream of rich delight that gives unfading verdure to the path of life; must we shrink back with fear and horrour, and well disciplined disgust, from the mutual intercourse of the sexes, without which this world were but a barren desert, and its highest pleasures only sullen cares? Must all this be done the moment two beings consent to strengthen the intimacy of a partial connexion? It is a vulgar and debasing idea, and it is degrading to the heart of man."

Of such rant we are not enamoured, nor can we perceive the utility that is likely to spring from its publication. Nubilia, who is wiser than her parent, confesses that he assumes as a principle a greater moral purity than is usually found in mankind; and she calls the picture of married liberty, for which her father contends, a *sublime* one.—When Nubilia is meditating on her entrance into the holy state, and on the character of a wife, she admits that "in her breast there is no room for effective friendship; that it would draw her from the more important duties of her state; that nature providentially foresaw this, and ordained that she should fix her whole soul on the man and their mutual

offspring."—Though, however, the young lady, in this respect, appears to have more prudence than her father, and unites herself to a virtuous young man, the sentiments of whose mind and the qualities of whose heart, were excellent, yet, at times, she is represented as very romantick; especially when contemplating the beauties of nature. One extract will suffice:

"At other times softer and more ethereal images arise. When I have beheld distant clouds strongly tinged with the sun's rays, and floating, as it were, in the whiteness of surrounding ether, steadily I have fixed my eyes upon them, and imagined, that resting on their fluid borders, or rolled within their fleecy folds, angels sit hymning to the Great Creator; and, with heavenly voices, joined to the dulcet melody of harps, sing their vesper chorus. I fancy that the aerial strains reach my ears; and for a moment I am transported among them. Then heaven opens on my eyes! I see transparent forms, whose milk-white wings fold, like a cincture, round their dazzling loins; they lean on golden harps; the blazing floor, spangled with stars innumerable, beams like a furnace; pendent, from vaulted roofs, hang starry lamps, burning sweet incense, whose odours, wafted through the balmy air, fill the delighted sense with gladness. Angelick shapes glide through Dorick columns inwreathed with many a spiral fold of flaming cressets, which, circling in magick dance around, reach a nameless height supporting roofs of fretted gold; these, as they move along, hold mutual discourse sweet, and look such dewy mildness from their eyes, as heavenly spirits wont when they, of old, descended to converse with man, swift messengers of God's eternal word; still, as my fancy works, methinks I'm led, to softly breathing measures from viewless harps by airy minstrels played, along the space of heaven; odorous perfumes from ten thousand fanning wings are wafted round me: trembling I stand, even at the throne of God himself, whence angels turn, with softened gaze, away, so bright the effulgent glory which irradiates from the clouds that dwell, for ever, round the Omnipotent! The lost soul is lapped in ecstacy and big with unutterable feelings: mysterious visions sweep before my sight; and, in an ocean plunged of pleasures tempered to its state by the creative mind that formed them, it dies, dissolves away, and conscious only of amazing bliss. The shadows of approaching

night recall its wandering thoughts, and I awake to life, to misery and the world!"

If this be a specimen of that "elevated English prose," which we are promised in the preface, we shall only say, that it is much too elevated for us.

In *Caleb's* little in the shape of courtship occurs; and here also the parties show their predilection for each other by none of those little attentions which usually discriminate lovers. No frivolity marks Mr. Vaughan's character, and he becomes the object of Nubilia's preference in consequence of "dignity of mind."

"Mr. Vaughan," says the lady in search of a husband, "had the latter, and was wholly exempt from the former.

"Towards my own sex, his manners were far removed from that exuberant devotion, which is a compound of deception, meanness and imbecility. If a lady dropped her glove, he exhibited no agonies till it was restored to her, nor did he rush, with impetuosity, to the spot, that he might be the *happy* individual who was to perform that *duty*. He believed a lady to be gifted with powers adequate to the task. If he walked out with a female, he avoided carrying her parasol for her, either over her head, or under his own arm; to this labour also, he thought her equal. He always declined the distinction of attending them to a mercer's, a milliner's, or a linen draper's; and for all these offences (great ones they undoubtedly are in the eyes of many) I have heard him severely censured. For my own part, I considered them as evidences of a mind and character compounded of something more dignified than what is essential to the composition of a *lady's man*, as such animals are emphatically called. When, however, I behold the one sex offer, and the other receive, such unmeaning attentions, such vapid courtesies, I know not on which my contempt should fall most heavily. It is difficult to decide which is the most abject, the fool who pleases, or she who is pleased."

After all, it is fair to ask, whether dignity of mind be inconsistent with attention to little things? "Man," as lord Bacon says, "is a trifle, and his life is a trifle." And, in the interchange of social duties, especially between the sexes, a number of trifles must attract our notice. Civility and politeness are made up of trifles; and

we cannot perceive that a gentleman is degraded by carrying a lady's parasol, because she can carry it herself. On this principle, he ought not to cut up a chicken for her at table, "for to this labour she is equal."

The author speaks of his having constructed his language with a greater latitude of rhetorical embellishment than is usually thought to be consistent with English prose; and we have given a sample of these his flights into airy regions. Besides which, we have detected occasional incorrectness, and an affectation of employing terms which are not in common use. At p. 19, he exclaims: "How few are the authors whose works can be read through without receiving contamination" According to the construction of this sentence, works receive contamination in consequence of being read; a meaning which the author does not intend to

convey. He talks also of "a niggard hand"—of "an antefeast of heaven"—of "throwing custom to his feet"—of "Nature's kindly law,"—of "the tinet native to their sphere"—of "impregnating every emotion"—of "congenerous & superstructure"—of "a short while," &c.

In our judgment, this work, though far from being a flimsy, and inferior production, will not afford much satisfaction to either sex. It is barren of character; and the heroine sustains an unnatural part, when, instead of being shown the world before she makes her choice, she is presented to us as the sage moralist and the learned critick. *Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic,* &c.

Like most moderns, the author misquotes the couplet of Hudibras, which should be:

"He that assents against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Memoir on Fioria Grass, by W. Richardson, D. D. late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. From *Select Papers of the Belfast Literary Society*. Fasciculus 1.

IN laying before our readers an account of this remarkable grass, and if it possessed but half the valuable properties described by Dr. Richardson, it would still deserve the most serious attention, not only of individuals, but, even of the legislature, we shall make an indiscriminate use of the present and of a former memoir on the same subject, contained in the sixth volume of the Communications of the Board of Agriculture, and written by the same author. The former memoir was communicated to the Agricultural Society at the request of Mr. Davy, who witnessed the remarkable characters of this grass on its native spot; and, we are persuaded that this circumstance will excite additional interest respecting its history.

The term Fiorin, by which the native Irish distinguish this grass, Dr. Richardson is, somewhat fanciful-

ly perhaps, inclined to derive from the words *fave* [grass] and *reem* [butter] observing, with respect to this etymology, that to his knowledge the term "butter grass" is most deservedly applied to the Fiorin. But lest our readers should be carried away by the idea that this grass possesses the properties of the Phulwarah, or "butter tree" of India, it is right to inform them, that the butyraceous quality of the Fiorin does not show itself till the juice of the grass has passed through the lacteals and mamillary glands of the cow; and then not without the aid of a churn. The butter, however, that is thus ultimately produced from it, is remarkably excellent. The Fiorin is supposed to be the Agrostis stolonifera, of Linneus. But, as this point does not seem to have been accurately ascertained, and as Curtis, in his Practical Observations, says, that he has experienced

more difficulty in ascertaining the several species of the Agrostis, than of all the others put together; we subjoin the following description of it.

Each plant consists of numerous strings [*stolones*] which are immediately connected with the root; and these strings are knotted or jointed at intervals, of from three to five inches. From each joint a thin, grassy envelope issues in the direction of the string; within which, lateral sprouts shoot forth, nearly at right angles, to the joint. These sprouts, together with the extreme point of the strings, are of a most lively green colour. The strings themselves are much paler at all times, and in March, are nearly white. The envelope withers as soon as it has discharged its obvious office, of protecting the advancing sprout from the effects of the weather, and gives the whole a more decayed appearance than might be expected from its quantity, being itself a very thin membrane. The strings, which are the essential part, and constitute nine tenths of the crop, vary in length from three to seven feet; but are usually between four and five feet long. Their number is sometimes very great; and in one instance Dr. Richardson found one hundred and forty issuing from one spontaneous root, each of which had six buds. If the joints touch the ground, or even the damp mat formed by the intertexture of the strings, a sprout shoots upwards, and fibres strike downwards and form a root. Each joint is, therefore, a set, from which the plant may be propagated. So that the spontaneous root abovementioned, produced eight hundred and forty sets.*

The foregoing description corresponds in many points, with the Dúrvá, or, as it is commonly called, the Dúb of India. And Dr. Richardson says, that his friend, colonel Macan,

* The panicle, or flowering part of the Fiorin, judging from a drawing of it which accompanies Dr. Richardson's first memoir, resembles that of the *festuca pratensis* or meadow fescue grass.

who commanded the British cavalry in the late campaigns in the north of India, as soon as he saw the Fiorin, was struck with its exact resemblance to the Indian grass, and was satisfied they were of the same species. The characteristick mark of the Dúb, according to colonel Macan, is this, that from each joint a root strikes downwards, and a sprout shoots upwards. It is propagated in India, not by seed, but by scattering its strings on the surface, and dibbling them in. In the rainy season it creeps along the ground, and runs to a considerable length, rooting at every joint; in the dry season it is much covered by the dust and flying sand, whence it derives its name, which, in the Persian language, signifies "hidden." Colonel Macan adds, that it is most industriously sought for, and preferred to all other grasses in India, on account of its superiorly nutritive quality, as food for cattle.

In sir W. Jones's catalogue of Indian plants, the Dúb is classed as a species of Agrostis; and the engraving of it, which is copied from Dr. Roxburgh, represents it as a knotted or jointed grass, with fibres issuing from the lower, and sprouts from the upper side of each joint; but the panicle, or flowering part, is very different from that of the Fiorin, and resembles that of the *Panicum dactylon*, or creeping Panick grass; excepting that the spikes, which are there four in number, spread horizontally from the stalk.—We shall take the liberty of extracting from sir W. Jones's Botanical Observations on select Indian Plants, contained in the second volume of his works, the following account of the Dúrvá or Dub. "Nothing essential can be added to the mere botanical description of this most beautiful grass, which Van Rheede has exhibited in a coarse delineation of its leaves only. Its flowers, in their perfect state, are among the loveliest objects in the vegetable world; and appear, through a lens, like minute rubies and emeralds in

constant motion from the least breath of air. It is the sweetest and most nutritious pasture for cattle; and its usefulness, added to its beauty, induced the Hindoos, in their earliest ages, to believe that it was the mansion of a benevolent nymph." Even the Véda celebrates it; as in the following text of the A't'harvana: " May Dúrvá, which rose from the water of life, which has a hundred roots and a hundred stems, efface a hundred of my sins, and prolong my existence on earth a hundred years!"

But the excellence of the Fiorin, supposing it to be the *Agrostis stolonifera*, is neither unknown nor uncelebrated in the annals of English agriculture; although, from particular circumstances, its history has been hitherto involved in much obscurity. It constitutes a considerable portion of the produce of a meadow in Wiltshire, the uncommon fertility of which was noticed by herbarists more than one hundred and fifty years since. This meadow, which is situated near Orcheston, about twelve miles to the north of Salisbury, is spoken of in Howe's *Phytologia Britannica*, which was published in the year 1650; and in Merret's *Pinax*, published in 1667. And references are made to these authors respecting it, in bishop Gibson's additions to Camden. It is again mentioned in Stillingfleet's *Miscellaneous Tracts*. But no publick inquiry took place respecting it, till some years ago: the Bath Agricultural Society, struck by the accounts of its remarkable fertility, employed agents for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of its produce. Since that time it has been visited by several botanists, from whose accounts we have collected those circumstances of its history, which are most applicable to the present occasion. The meadow is situated in the lowest part of a very narrow, winding valley, sheltered on each side by gradual, but by no means lofty, acclivities of chalk. It is subject to frequent and continued inundations during the winter, and is rarely otherwise than

swampy throughout the year, being often submerged by the water of a spring, which rises at about the distance of half a mile. It has been constantly observed, that the earlier the spring swells, the more plentiful is the crop. The immediate soil of the meadow consists of a bed of small, loose pebbles, which are all of a silicious nature, with a scanty covering of mould; and though the herbage of the adjoining meadows is altogether very exuberant, yet this exuberance may be traced, increasing or declining, according as the soil varies, more or less, from that of the principal meadow. The produce of the meadow consists of several grasses; the chief of which are varieties of the *Poa trivialis*, the *Alopecurus pratensis*, and the *Agrostis stolonifera*. It is mowed twice in summer, and, after a favourable season for watering, the first crop is nearly five tons from each acre; the second, about half as much. The first crop consists principally of the *Poa trivialis*; the last, of the *Agrostis stolonifera*. With respect to the grass of this celebrated meadow, it is observed, that all cattle eat it eagerly, and that horses will eat the hay made from it in preference to corn, mixed with chaff.

We have carried the foregoing observations, on the Indian and the Orcheston grass, further than to many may seem necessary; hoping they may help to elucidate the subject of the present memoir, of which we shall now give as short and connected an epitome as we are able.

The testimonies in favour of the excellent pasturage of Ireland are numerous, from Giraldus Cambrensis down to the present day. That which is most to our purpose we found in a letter, dated 1693, contained in a *Natural History of Ireland*; which was published at Dublin in 1726. This letter, in giving an account of the Giants' Causeway, and describing the neighbouring coast as elevated very far above the sea, but rising gradually on the land side, to the edge of the precipice, says, " that it is all covered

with excellent sweet grass." It was in this very neighbourhood that Dr. Richardson first became acquainted with the Fiorin, in consequence of having purchased a small farm on the little peninsula of Portrush; which is situated a few miles to the southwest of the Giants' Causeway, and projects in the form of a cliff about half a mile into the Northern ocean. This farm, Dr. R. says, has long been famous for the verdure, abundance, and excellence of its pasture; and it has been repeatedly observed, that the tallow, and the butter made from the milk of the cattle fed there, surpassed, both in quantity and quality, those of any other farm in the country. The grass of this pasture consists almost entirely of Fiorin. During three and twenty years, Dr. R. made comparative experiments on the excellence of the Portrush pasturage, and that of some glebe which he possesses in the county of Tyrone; and though he had always good grass on the latter, and the glebe itself was in a very rich country, yet he invariably observed, that the same cow gave above a third more milk, and of a far superior quality, when fed on the Portrush, than on the Tyrone pasturage. This, he says, is the more remarkable, because the greater part of the Portrush meadow is composed of a very shallow soil, rarely three inches deep, covering a solid basaltick rock; and much burnt up in summer. In like manner, the Fiorin is distinguished by its high verdure on the cliffs and steeps facing the Northern ocean, particularly about the Giants' Causeway; occasionally forcing its roots into the crevices of the rock, and even into the diminutive intervals between the pillars of the causeway.

The present occasion does not require a minute statement of the observations and experiments made on this grass by Dr. Richardson. And, indeed, since he himself is "almost afraid of entering into a detail of its

extraordinary qualities, entertaining faint hopes of obtaining credit or even attention, our readers will not be surprised if we make our selection with great caution; nor must he be offended with us if we doubt the reasonableness of those expectations, in which, too incautiously perhaps, for his future fame, he indulges. Thus, when he describes the Fiorin, not only as superior to most, if not all other grasses, and better fitted to every separate use to which grass can be applied; thriving almost equally in soils of the most contrary descriptions; the richest, the poorest, the deepest, and the shallowest, the tops of mountains, and the bottoms of valleys; bearing greater extremes of wet and of drought than any other grass, or, perhaps, vegetable; growing with full vigour under the shade of trees, and equally grateful to cattle when mowed from this situation, as from the open field; and, lastly, as being perfectly insensible to the highest degree of cold, since he saw the vegetation of its tenderest shoots uninterrupted by one of the bitterest frosts he remembers, and their lively green preserved equally, whether they were above the surface or buried under the snow; when, we say, he describes all these extraordinary and opposite qualities as existing in his favourite grass, who can choose but smile at his fond partiality? On the report of his experiments, we are fully disposed to rely with confidence; though even here we dare not anticipate the same degree of success, from the general cultivation of this grass which he met with in the particular instances mentioned by him. The extent of that success may be judged of, by the following statement.

In November, 1806, Dr. Richardson planted a piece of ground with Fiorin; of which, having obtained a number of distinct plants, he commenced by laying one down, and slightly covering the root with earth: he then stretched its string in a line, laying a little loose earth upon it here

and there, merely for the purpose of holding it down. Where the string ended, another root was laid down, and its string was stretched in continuation of the former line, and so on to the end of the piece of ground. At two feet distance he made a similar row, parallel to the former; and thus continued till the whole piece of ground was planted. The strings soon showed symptoms of vegetation; and in the following July, the intermediate spaces were so completely occupied by new strings, that it was difficult to find out the original drills. The succeeding autumn was wet and severe, and the grass was, in consequence, flattened down; but, though matted like a crop of vetches, the under part was very thick, and exclusively composed of long strings, every one of which was in high vegetation, from the root to the extreme point.

A portion of this meadow was mowed, on December 7, 1807, and, contrary to Dr. Richardson's expectations, after so wet and severe a season, the sward, instead of sinking, was so raised up by the length and coarseness of the strings, that in half an hour it was dry. It was then made up in small heaps, which were afterwards turned over every other day, in order to expose the damp side to the wind. At the end of eight days these heaps were opened for half an hour; and then made into larger heaps, four feet high each, these were opened three or four times during a fortnight, and were housed at the end of three weeks; reckoning from the time when the grass was cut, during which the weather was singularly unfavourable, attended with great deluges of rain, succeeded by an extraordinary heavy fall of snow, which was followed by close damps.

Another portion of the same meadow was mowed on Dec. 26; and the process of making the hay was conducted in the same manner as in the preceding instance; but, instead of

being housed at the end of three weeks, it was suffered to remain under the open air for more than two months; and, on the 4th of March, it was still fresh and fragrant, and retained the healthy green in its strings: and through the whole of the winter, there was not a single string that showed the least tendency to rot or decay.

Of the first crop, which was housed on Dec. 28, several strings were set in a hot house on the same day: these soon began to put forth fresh sprouts. Other strings, taken from the same hay, were planted on the 18th of January, and the 5th of February following. These also, soon began to vegetate from every point. The same experiment was repeated on Feb. 27, March 18, and April 8, on strings taken both from the hay that was housed, and from that which remained in the field; and the success was the same in every instance.

This retentive faculty of the principle of vegetable life, so conspicuous in the Fiorin, Dr. Richardson thinks may be explained by its peculiar nature in not producing panicles till the second year; for, he argues, that as all vegetables appear to advance in a state of progressive improvement, until they arrive at the period of flowering and producing their seed, after which the powers of vegetation seem to abate; and as most grasses put forth their seed in the same year in which they were sown, it hence happens, that grasses in general will not support the inclemency of the succeeding winter: but the Fiorin not putting forth its panicles till the second year, and consequently, not having attained its point of perfection till that time, the strings improve progressively through the whole of the first year; whence it follows, that it is even advantageous to defer the mowing of Fiorin till winter.

Another great advantage attending the cultivation of Fiorin is this, that whereas grass seed cannot be sown with prudence earlier than the mid-

dle of March, or later than the middle of September, at which seasons the farmer is necessarily very much engaged in other employments, the Fiorin strings may be planted at any time: and, according to Dr. Richardson, a crop may be obtained from this grass more cheaply and more expeditiously than from any other.

But it is unnecessary to dwell longer on the excellencies of this grass. Enough has been said, we conceive, to direct the attention of the agricultural reader to a subject, which, unless the author of the present memoir has greatly deceived himself, must be considered of the highest importance.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Compendium of the Laws and Constitution of England. By William Enfield, M. A. 12mo. pp. 374. 4*s.* 6*d.* 1809.

THIS compendium may be properly characterized as a clear and well digested abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries, and may be a very convenient manual to those who have not sufficient leisure to peruse the original. We have not observed that any material point of law is omitted, or misrepresented. By leaving out the declamatory and discursive passages, which, though en-

tertaining and instructive, are not necessary to a right understanding of the subject, the compiler has brought the whole system of English law into a narrow compass, and has given us the substance of an expensive work, at a very inconsiderable price. We do not hesitate to recommend this publication as one of the most useful of the kind, which have come under our notice.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Tales of Instruction and Amusement. Written for the Use of young Persons. By Miss Mitchell, Author of Rational Amusement, Faithful Contract, and Moral Tales. Octavo pp. 252. 1807.

INDEED these are, in a high degree, "Tales of Instruction and Amusement;" and we strongly recommend them to the use of young persons. It appears, from an affectionate dedication to Miss and Miss M. A. Harrison, that the author was employed in conducting their education, during the early part of it; and we find, with great satisfaction, this lesson continually inculcated, that religion and virtue, must ever be the basis of solid happiness. We cannot afford room for one of these tales, though they are far from being long or tedious; but a few lines, from the dedication, will sufficiently recommend the whole book.

" You are now entering on a more extensive plan of education: you are mixing with a larger society: but do not in the publick seminary, forget the private friend. Let those precepts it has always been my ardent desire to inculcate, still live in your remembrance. Let them warn you, that however desirable musick, drawing, and those elegant accomplishments, befitting your rank, may be, they are still but secondary considerations; which, though they may render you agreeable, can never, without higher acquirements, make you beloved. They may impart pleasure, but can never bestow happiness." p. 6.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE LATE MARSHAL SOUWOROW.

THE following are extracts from a historical account of the celebrated field marshal count Souworow Rymniski, prince Italiski, lately published in the French language, by M. Guillaumanches-Duboscage, lieutenant colonel of Kinbourne dragoons, and staff officer in the army of field marshal Souworow, in the years 1794, 1795, and 1796.

Souworow was born at Moscow, in 1730, of a family originally Swedish, enjoying but a very small property. He entered the army in 1742, as a private soldier; and was forced to remain undistinguished during many years, in inferior situations. In the course of this time, feeling the superiority of his own mental powers, and the insufficiency of those of his chiefs, whose faults he could see and point out, he resolved, in order to raise himself above their command, to affect that singularity of character, which afterwards, through habit, became in him a second nature; and stamped both his mind and his person, with characteristicks exclusively his own. In this he succeeded completely. In a short time he attracted notice, and the dawn of his talents pierced through the obscurity of the lower stations, to which he had been confined for the first five years. After the year 1749, his rise was sufficiently rapid, and ten years afterwards, being then twenty nine years of age, he was made lieutenant colonel. However, in pursuance of his adopted system, the more he advanced in rank, the more he affected to be whimsical. This line

of conduct obtained, at length, such a preponderance over his mind, that he found obedience of every description became absolutely impossible; and that, in the end, he would even have refused to command the armies of his sovereign, had she attempted to trace a plan for his campaign, or to bind him to such or such operations, in preference to any other. "When my sovereign does me the honour to intrust me with the command of her armies," would he say, "she believes me capable of leading them to victory; and how can she judge better than an old soldier, like me, who is on the spot, of the best course to that object? In consequence, when she sends me orders contrary to her true interest, I suppose that they have been suggested to her by courtiers, her enemies; and I act in the manner which appears to me to be most conducive to her glory."

In many circumstances, the genius of Souworow, overstepping the narrow limits of the orders he had received, led him boldly on to certain victory. Of this the following are instances:

In the campaign of 1771, in which he served as major general, he received information that the marshal of Lithuania was forming an army of Poles, at Stalowitz. He immediately gave notice of it to Boutourlin, commander in chief of the Russian army, a very cautious and indolent man; requesting at the same time an order for attacking them. Boutourlin, knowing that Souworow had only a few hun-

dred men under him, expressly forbade him to undertake any thing. But Souworow, who, that very instant, had learned that the Polish confederates had defeated the Petersburgh regiment, that their numbers were daily increasing, and already exceeded five thousand, judged that he could not delay for one moment, the destruction of a nucleus, already too considerable. He hastily collected his little army, amounting to *one thousand* men only, and marched in quest of the enemy. In four days he marched upwards of fifty leagues, fell unexpectedly upon the Poles, in the middle of the night, defeated and dispersed them, and took Stalowitz, with twelve pieces of cannon. The day after he followed up his victory, and destroyed whatever had escaped from the first battle. He then hastened to transmit to Boutourlin the details of this daring expedition, by writing to him: "As a soldier I have disobeyed; I must be punished; and I send you my sword—But, as a Russian, I have done my duty, in destroying the confederate forces, which we could not have withstood had they been allowed sufficient time in which to collect." Boutourlin was wonder-struck. Not knowing in what manner to act towards Souworow, he determined to write to the empress for orders. On the receipt of his letter, Catherine wrote to the victorious general: "Marshal Boutourlin, as your chief, must put you under an arrest, to punish the want of subordination in the soldier; as your sovereign, I reserve to myself the pleasure of recompensing the zeal of the faithful subject, who, by a splendid action, has so well served his country." She sent him the order of St. Alexander.

In 1790, the empress had given express orders to take Ismailoff; the siege of that place having been twice raised. Potemkin, who commanded the Russian army, fearing to disobey Catherine for the third time, communicated his orders to Souworow, proposing to him, at the same time, to

renew the siege, and to take the command of it. Notwithstanding the dangers attending an expedition which had already miscarried twice, Souworow, always relying with confidence on his own resources, accepted the proposal by saying simply: "*It is the empress's wish: she must be obeyed.*" He immediately assembled his troops, and after four days of forced marches, arrived under the walls of Ismailoff; several days were spent in preparing fascines, ladders, and all the instruments necessary for an assault. In the meantime, he got a fort constructed in a remote place, to exercise his soldiers in scaling walls; and, the better to deceive the enemy, he caused a trench to be opened within thirty or forty fathoms of the place; as if he meant to proceed by a regular siege. "Every thing was prepared for the assault," says the author, "the orders were given, the columns were beginning their march, in the middle of the night, when an officer arrived with despatches from prince Potemkin. Souworow guessed that those despatches contained an order to retreat, or some secret snare. The fact was, that Potemkin could not but shudder at the uncertainty of such an enterprise; when, considering the inclemency of the season, the fortifications of Ismailoff, mounting 232 guns, and defended by 43,000 men; his anxiety was considerably increased by the knowledge he had, that one half of that army was composed of Janissaries, commanded by seven Pacha's; while Souworow, to overcome so great difficulties, had only 28,000 men, the half of whom were cossacks. Wishing, therefore, to throw the whole blame and the whole shame of the miscarriage on that general, he had written to him, not to risk the assault, unless he was certain of taking the place.

"Souworow guessing the contents of the letter, ordered his aide-de-camp to get a horse ready for him, at his tent door, in such a situation as to bar the entrance. He recommended

at the same time, to keep the messenger waiting, as he intended to take his despatches himself on going out. He soon after made his appearance, pretended not to perceive the messenger, vaulted on his horse, and set forward at full gallop, to join the columns of his army.

"The Russians scaled the intrenchments with intrepidity. The Turks opposed to them a vigorous resistance; but the fortifications were carried. A dreadful conflict immediately began in the town. In short, after ten hours of the most sanguinary, and almost unparalleled assault, victory declared for the Russians.

"Souworow, now victorious, surrounded by his general officers, who were congratulating him, perceives Potemkin's messenger: '*Who art thou, brother?*' says he, addressing him. 'It is I,' answered the officer, 'who yesterday evening brought despatches from prince Potemkin.' Souworow then pretended to be in a great passion. 'Thou bringest me,' said he, 'orders from my sovereign; thou art here since yesterday; and thou hast not delivered them to me!' He immediately took the letter, and threatening the messenger with the severest chastisement, handed it to one of his generals, to read it aloud.

"When that communication had been made, Souworow turned towards his officers, smiling and crossing himself: '*Thanks be to God*' said he, '*Ismailoff is taken; but for that I had been a lost man.*'—The answer he immediately returned to prince Potemkin deserves to be known, from its heroick conciseness:

"*The Russian standard floats on the walls of Ismailoff.—SOUWOROW.*"

He gave that letter to the messenger; and sent him off that very instant.

The exterior appearance of marshal Souworow agreed perfectly with the oddity of his temper. His stature was short, about five feet one inch [French]; his mouth was large; and the whole of his features was far

from agreeable; but his look was full of fire, quick, and above all, it was penetrating. It was impossible to see more wrinkles, or more expressive, than those on his forehead. At the age of sixty four, his head, whitened by age, and by the fatigues of war, retained but few of its hairs.

Though, to all appearance, of a weak and delicate frame, he was blessed with a very robust and vigorous constitution; which he had constantly strengthened by a sober, hardy, and active life. Being seldom or never sick, he supported fatigue better, perhaps, than men of a stronger make. Yet such was his want of bodily strength, at the age already mentioned, that even the bare weight of his sabre made him stoop.

Souworow, in his temper, was hasty and vehement. When he was deeply affected, his countenance became stern, commanding, and even terrible; it portrayed the sensations of his heart. But this seldom happened; and never without powerful motives.

On one point, this old warrior showed a weakness. It respected his age. He could not bear to be put in mind of it, and carefully avoided whatever might recall it to his memory. For this reason, looking-glasses were taken away, or covered, in his apartments, or wherever he went on a visit. Nothing was more comical than to see him pass before a looking-glass. When, by mischance, he perceived one, he would run, shutting his eyes, and making all kind of wry faces, till he was out of the room.

"It would be a great mistake, however," observes the author, "to consider this oddity, as produced by superannuated pretensions to beauty. The marshal himself often made merry with his own countenance; and as to his singular aversion for looking glasses, I have heard him repeat, frequently, that he never looked at himself, in order to avoid being made sensible of the havock of time; and that he might continue to

believe himself still able to execute the same military enterprises as in his youth; for the same reason whenever he found a chair in his way, he would leap over it, to show that he retained his activity. It was also for the same cause that he seldom walked, but always ran; particularly when coming into, or going out of, his apartment. Nor was he deterred from so doing by the most numerous company. He would even redouble his capers, and his anticks of every kind, before strangers of high rank; to convince them, that he was able, notwithstanding his age, to bear the fatigues of war, fully as well as when a young man."

Marshal Souworow was in the habit of rising, the whole year round, at four o'clock in the morning; but sometimes at twelve at night. On rising, he went out of his tent, and had several pails of cold water thrown on his naked body. Neither his advanced age, nor the inclemency of seasons, ever made him relax from this singular practice. He usually dined at eight o'clock in the morning in winter; and at seven in summer. Dinner was his principal meal. It was his only time for recreation; and he accordingly, indulged often in long sittings at table, where he sometimes forgot himself, for a longer time than he could have wished. He never sat down to table, or rose from it, without saying a previous grace, or returning thanks, to which he sometimes added a short blessing for his guests. If they did not answer *amen*, he would say, jokingly, "those who have not said *amen* shall have no brandy." Although he was very fond of wine, and of liquors, yet he never was seen intoxicated. He ate and drank a great deal, because he had naturally a great appetite; and, besides, dinner was his only meal. The rest of the day, he would take only some cups of tea or of coffee. He was in the habit of sleeping an hour or two after his dinner, according to the ordinary practice in Russia. His table was in general, far from delicate;

the entertainment was composed of cossack-ragouts, excessively bad; but which nobody presumed to notice as such. Each dish went round, and contained a separate mess for each guest.

As Souworow was like no one, his mode of dress must of course, be utterly unlike that of every body else. Jockey boots, half cleaned, ill made, and slouching, with knee pieces coming up very high; breeches of white dimity; a jacket of the same, with a cape and facings of green linen; a white waistcoat underneath, and a small woollen helmet, with green fringes. Such was his dress when with the army, in all seasons of the year. What made this apparel still more whimsical, was the circumstance of his having two old wounds, one in the knee, and the other in the leg, which often incommoded him, and compelled him, now and then, to wear his boot on one leg only; having the knee band loosened, and the stocking down, on the other. Add to this, a huge sabre hanging down to the ground. He was so thin and slender, that this light dress seemed hardly to hang on his person. When, however, the cold was excessively intense, he would exchange the dimity dress, for one of white cloth, exactly of the same fashion; but this was but seldom. In this singular costume, Souworow commanded, inspected, addressed, and encamped his soldiers on the frozen plains of Russia. He had obtained a great quantity of decorations and diamonds, in recompence of his numerous victories. On occasions of important ceremony, he was covered with them, and on those occasions only, would he display his splendid uniform of field-marshall, but, in private, or at the head of his troops, of all his orders, he only wore the riband of the third class, of that of St. Andrew.

Although this extreme external simplicity had all the appearance of avarice, those would be egregiously mistaken who could suspect Souworow of that mean vice. He always mani-

fested a stoical contempt for money. When he spoke about it, which was rarely, it was always in a way which induced the belief, that he had almost completely forgot its value. He never carried any about him; was unacquainted with the price of every article; and never paid for any thing himself. An old soldier, named Tichinka, who had saved his life, and whom he had attached to his person, by making him his private aide-de-camp, was at the same time, his major-domo, his steward, his caterer, and had exclusively the care of all his expenditure. He never carried about him watch or jewels, except in grand ceremonies, when he would deck himself with all the diamonds he had received from the generosity of several sovereigns, on account of his victories. Even then he considered them as monuments of his glory, and not as trappings of vanity. The finest diamonds could have no value in his eyes, unless they were the recompense of some brilliant military achievement. Accordingly, if, when glittering with all those riches, he chanced to be near a stranger, he would take delight in showing him every decoration, one after the other, telling him: "At such an action, I obtained this order; at such another, this, &c." This enumeration, doubtless very excusable, was the only gratification of which his mind was susceptible, at the sight of all these treasures.

The author quotes many instances of Souworow's disinterestedness, highly creditable to his principles, and to his loyalty. We shall notice only the following:

"An officer of his staff lost, by gambling, sixty thousand roubles, belonging to the military chest [about ten thousand guineas] Souworow immediately sent for the officer, punished him, and wrote to the empress: "An officer has taken sixty thousand roubles from the treasury of the army; but before your majesty shall receive this letter, the money will have been

refunded into the military chest, out of my own property. It is but fair that I should be answerable for the officers which I employ."

Souworow always delighted in retaining soldier-like manners. When saluting any one, he would stop, turn his toes out, stand erect, put back his shoulders, as on parade, and carry his right hand opened to the right side of his little helmet, as soldiers do, when saluting one of their commanders. When he wanted to show a higher degree of consideration, he would stoop very low, with a tolerably ill grace, without altering the position of his arms, or feet.

His simplicity was not remarkable in his dress only; it was equally conspicuous in his food, in his lodgings, and generally, in all his habits.

"The simplest apartment," says the author, "was always the one he preferred. Care was taken, consequently, to remove every costly article of furniture from the place he was to inhabit. He rarely slept in a house, when his army was encamped. His tent was dressed at head-quarters, in a corner of the garden. There he would stay the whole night, and the greater part of the day; and hardly ever did he enter the house where his staff was, but at the hour of dinner. His tent was that of a subaltern officer. Never, during the whole of his military career, did he spend a whole night in a bed. A few bundles of hay, neatly spread on the ground, was his most sumptuous couch. Such was his usual bed, wherever he was lodged, even in the empress's palace.

"He had neither equipage nor horses, either for draught or saddle; in short, he had no retinue. A single servant was employed on his personal attendance; for the momentary service of his house, he used to engage as many soldiers, or cossacks, as were wanting. His coach, which was a plain *kibitk*, was drawn by post (or impressed) horses. When going to command his troops, either in manœuvres, or in battle, he would ride

the first horse he could find; sometimes that of a cossack, but, generally, Tichinka, his aide-de-camp, would lend him one."

Among marshal Souworow's qualities, none was oftener conspicuous than his uniform and real good nature. He never met with children without kissing them, and giving them his blessing. He was, all his life, an affectionate relative; a true friend; and a good father. He, however, considered it as the duty of a warriour, to indulge the affections of the soul, only in those moments, which could not be employed in pursuit of glory. These principles were the invariable rule of his conduct; the following anecdote proves it:

"He was going to join the army, not knowing when he should return; but he ardently wished to embrace his children. To satisfy at once his love of glory and the affections of his heart, he went out of his road, and without stopping, day or night, he arrived post haste at the door of his residence in Moscow. The whole household was in bed. He precipitately alighted from his carriage, gave a gentle rap; was admitted, and made his way, without noise, to his children's chamber. With a light in his hand, he gently opened their curtains; contemplated with emotion those objects of his affections; bestowed on them his blessings, and his kisses; then closed again the curtains, went down, vaulted into his coach, and departed without having disturbed their repose."

Souworow remained always proof against the seductions of love. He considered connexions with the sex as highly prejudicial to military men; and as impairing their courage, their morals, and their health. When in some companies he was placed, in spite of himself, near ladies, he avoided, in a very comical way, casting his eyes on them, and, above all, touching them. When married, he felt only friendship for his wife. His notions of modesty, which he considered as one

of the first of virtues, bore, above all other things, the stamp of his oddity of mind. After passing part of the night with his wife, which, by the by, happened but seldom, he would suddenly withdraw, to receive the usual affusion of sundry pails of water on his naked body, as already related.

The marshal was remarkable, above all other things, by his unreserved frankness of speech. From his feelings on this subject, he could not, without being shocked, listen to those equivocal phrases, those ambiguous answers dictated by flattery, fear, or baseness. Accordingly, any officer who unluckily answered him in that manner, was for ever lost in his opinion. He called those kinds of people *Niesnaiou*, a Russian word, meaning *I don't know; possibly; perhaps.*

When he wanted to discover whether any individual possessed firmness of mind, he would take a delight in often putting to him, suddenly, and before every one, the most out of the way questions. He thought but little of those, who, through reserve or timidity, could not answer him; and, on the contrary, he conceived a high esteem for those whose repartees were sprightly, concise, and witty. "He," would he say, "who is put out of countenance by mere words, is likely to be much more perplexed by an unexpected attack from the enemy." Frequently, too, he would intrust to his officers the duty of writing his official accounts. His esteem and his friendship were the rewards of the sagacity and activity manifested in the execution of that task. These two qualities he imparted to all around him: all felt the electrical shock. The words *I don't know; I cannot; impossible;* were blotted out of his dictionary. They were replaced by these: *Learn; do; try.*

After perusing the foregoing, no one will be surprised to learn, that Souworow had a great antipathy to courtiers. He not only called them all

niesnaiou, but he besides chose them as the constant butts of his sarcasms, which were the more bitter, as he stopped at nothing, named every one, and had a very satirical turn of mind, and of expression. He was often heard to speak openly, truths, which neither the presence of the sovereign, nor that of the parties interested, nor, in short, any consideration, could induce him to repress. This conduct, as might be expected, made him a great number of enemies at court, where he was detested. Intrigue and cabal followed him into the very midst of camps, struggling to deface his fame.

Souworow always showed himself very strict on the score of subordination. The most trifling fault of disobedience, was punished by a severe chastisement; marked with the usual oddity of his temper. He had conceived the idea of setting himself up as a pattern of subordination to his army, and he thus proceeded to effect it.

"He told Tichinka, to order him to leave the table, whenever he should perceive that through absence of mind, he continued eating beyond his usual appetite. He would then turn towards him with a grave, and, at the same time, a comical look, and ask him: '*By what authority?*'—'By order from marshal Souworow.' '*He must be obeyed,*' would he say, laughing; and instantly leave the table. The same farce was acted, when his occupations kept him too long confined. Tichinka then ordered him to go out. He made the same question: his aide-de-camp made the same answer: and the marshal went immediately to take a walk."

This old warriour was very pious. His first care after rising, either at night or at daybreak, was to say his prayers. He also prayed for a long time in the evening, before going to bed. In common with all Russians, he had a great reliance on St. Nicholas. He attended divine service with much composure; singing the office along with the priest, and accompa-

nying his singing with many jerks and contortions. During his exile at Novorogod, in his 70th year, Souworow, by a superstitious oddity, would wreak the indefatigable activity of his temper on the bells of his village, of which he got himself elected parish clerk. He alone, night and day, rang the peals for the different offices; which he afterwards sang with the priest amidst the peasants. Every minister of worship, he deemed to be entitled to his respects. Often he would stop before a simple priest, or a pope, and always before a bishop, to ask their blessing. After having received that of the officiating priests, he would, in general, turn towards his officers, and impart it to them. Notwithstanding his regard for clergymen, he very well knew, however, when necessary, how to make a distinction between the priest and the individual. In one of his campaigns, arriving at a village, he perceived the clergyman of the place. He immediately alighted from his horse, to ask his blessing; and a few moments afterwards, on complaints made to him against that ecclesiastick, he ordered for him a bastinado of fifty stripes.

Souworow was deeply learned in ancient and modern history; and knew intimately the details of the private life of the celebrated generals who had preceded him. He spoke eight languages; and expressed himself in French with as much facility as if he had been born in France. He was an utter stranger to all refinement in style. His mode of writing and of speaking, was short, concise, energetick, original, and unconnected. Every one of his phrases of three or four words formed a complete sense and sentence. But, this laconicism was above the comprehension of many, and especially of foreigners, who saw in it nothing but enigmas. He seldom wrote himself; and avoided, above all things, negotiations which were to be carried on in writing. *A pen*, would he say, *looks awkward in the hand of a soldier*. There are, accordingly, but

few letters extant, entirely in his own hand-writing. He wrote the following on the head of a drum, amid the smoking ruins of Tourtoukaya; to the field-marshal Romanzoff, to announce to him the taking of that place:

Slavo Bogou, slavo borwan!
Glory to God! Glory to thee!
Tourtoukaya woiala, ia tam.
Tourtoukaya taken is, by me.

Whatever came from his pen had the same characteristick energy and conciseness. Usually, he gave the subject of his letters to one of his staff officers; who, from his instructions, wrote them, and brought them to him for his signature.

He was in the habit of frequently haranguing his troops; but he had not, on those occasions, the same merit of conciseness. His orations lasted an hour, sometimes two; even in the middle of winter "I recollect," says the author, "that one day, in the month of January, on the parade in the grand square of Warsaw, it was eleven o'clock, a body of ten thousand men, formed in a hollow square, filled that place. The cold was intense, a penetrating sleet fell from the icy heavens. In the middle of that square battalion, the Marshal, clad only in his white *dimity* jacket, began his usual harangue. He soon perceived that the inclemency of the season made his speech appear much too long; and hereupon he determined to make it last two hours. Every hearer returned to quarters benumbed with cold; and almost every soul, generals, officers, soldiers, and all, took cold. The marshal escaped the disorder, notwithstanding his dimity jacket. I seldom saw him so gay. Perpetual coughings echoed through his apartments. This pleased him highly. He enjoyed himself in the idea, that he had given his army the example of bidding defiance to fatigues, to winter and all its horrors."

Though we do not profess to have been in the habit of epistolary corres-

pondence with marshal Souworow, yet having an impression of his seal in our possession, we shall attempt to convey some idea of the composition comprised in it to our readers: in an English nobleman it would be deemed a singularity.

The shield is square, divided into five principal compartments: in the upper of which is the imperial eagle, over its head a crown; in its right claw a sceptre, in its left a globe; the field is *or*. In the compartment to the right, a plume of three feathers, with a kind of broach marked K. The field *purpure*: a very broad bend, on which is a heart, separates this from three cannon mounted, on a field *vert*. In the compartment to the left, out of a cloud issue three forked lightnings and strike a *falling crescent*: the field *azure*; a band, inscribed RHYMNKI, separates this from two swords crossed, tied together by a wreath, on a field *gules*: the centre is charged with a smaller shield, also square; in the right compartment of which is a coat of mail, and round it, the word BERHOCTI: the left compartment contains a sword crossed by an arrow, motto BABERVN. The main shield rests on two kettle drums (below) and two marshal's staffs (above). The supporters are two lions rampant, standing on a bracket, from which depend the ribands and stars of *all the orders obtained by this warrior*; in number ten: the imperial eagle with two marshal's staffs crossed on its breast, forming a center. The whole of this is on a spreading mantle, *gules*, furred ermine; surmounted with a large coronet. The height of this seal is *two inches and a quarter*: the breadth is *one inch and seven eighths*.

It is not in our power to identify the different orders pendent from the front of this bracket; neither do we know whether they are arranged in any order of precedence; or in the order of donation.

The following character of the celebrated Whitfield is extracted from Jay's Memoirs of Cornelius Winter, a work lately published.

HE used too much severity to young people, and required too much from them. He connected circumstances too humiliating with publick services, in a young man with whom he could take liberty; urging that it was necessary as a curb to the vanity of human nature, and referred to the young Roman orators, who after being exalted by applauses, were sent upon the most trifling errands. His maxim was, if you love me you will serve me disinterestedly. Hence he settled no certain income, or a very slender one upon his dependants, many of whom were sycophants, and while they professed to serve him, underhandedly served themselves effectually. Under this defect his charity in Georgia was materially injured; owing to the wrong conduct of some who insinuated themselves into his favour by humouring his weakness, and letting him act and speak without contradiction. He was impatient of contradiction: but this is a fault to be charged upon almost all great people. I could mention some. He was not happy in his wife; but I fear some who had not all the religion they professed, contributed to his infelicity. He did not intentionally make his wife unhappy. He always preserved great decency and decorum in his conduct towards her. Her death set his mind much at liberty. She certainly did not behave in all respects as she ought. She could be under no temptation from his conduct towards the sex; for he was a very pure man, a strict example of the chastity he inculcated upon others. No time was to be wasted; and his expectations generally went before the ability of his servants to perform his commands. He was very exact to the time appointed for his stated meals; a few minutes delay would be considered a great fault. He was irritable, but soon appeased. Not

patient enough one day to receive a reason for his being disappointed under a particular occurrence, he hurt the mind of one who was studious to please. He discovered it by the tears it occasioned, and on reflection, he himself burst into tears, saying, "I shall live to be a poor, peevish old man, and every body will be tired of me." He frequently broke the force of his passion by saying: "How could you do so, I would not have served you so." He never commanded haughtily and always took care to applaud when a person did right. He never indulged parties at his table. A select few might now and then breakfast with him, dine with him on a Sunday, or sup with him on a Wednesday night. In the latter indulgence he was scrupulously exact to break up in time. In the height of a conversation I have known him abruptly say: "But we forget ourselves," and rising from his seat, and advancing to the door, add: "Come, gentlemen, it is time for all good folks to be at home." Whether only by himself, or having but a second, his table must have been spread elegantly, though it produced but a loaf and a cheese. He was unjustly charged with being given to appetite. His table was never spread with variety. A cow heel was his favourite dish and I have known him cheerfully say: "How surprised would the world be, if they were to peep upon doctor Squintum, and see a cow heel only upon his table." He was neat to the extreme in his person and every thing about him. Not a paper must have been out of place, or put up irregularly. Each part of the furniture must have been likewise in its place before we retreated to rest. He said he did not think he should die easy, if he thought his gloves were out of their place. There was no rest after four in the morning, nor sitting up after ten in the evening. He never

made a purchase but he paid the money immediately; for small articles the money was taken in the hand. He was truly generous, and seldom denied relief. More was expected from him than was meet. He was tenacious in his friendship, and when the transition of Providence moved from prosperity to adversity, he moved with it to abide by his friend. He felt sensibly when he was deserted, and would remark: "The world and the church ring changes." Disappointed by many, he had not sufficient confidence in mankind; and hence I believe it was, he dreaded the thought

of outliving his usefulness. He often dined among his friends, usually connected a comprehensive prayer with his thanksgiving when the table was dismissed, in which he noticed particular cases relative to the family and never protracted his visit long after dinner. He appeared often tired of popularity; and said, he almost envied the man who could take his choice of food at an eating house, and pass unnoticed. He apprehended he should not glorify God in his death by any remarkable testimony, and was desirous to die suddenly.

The following is an extract of a letter from the Rev. David Scurlocke, to Mr. John Nichols, who has lately published a work, entitled, *The Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele, &c.* The letter is dated Lovehill Farm, Langley, December 24, 1784.

STEELE and Addison wrote the *Spectators*, &c. &c. chiefly in the room where I now write. They rented the house of my father for occasional retirement, and kept a housekeeper between them. It happened that this housekeeper proved to be in a situation that could not escape the prying eye of slanderous observation; when Steele asked Addison, very gravely, what they should do in such a dreadful predicament? "Why," says Ad-

dison, "since it is now past remedy, there is nothing to be done but this: if it proves to be a black child, you shall take it; if a fair one, the care of it shall fall to my lot."

Though I have lately built a new house here, I have religiously reserved this old part, which is attached to it, and have made it my *Sanctum Sanctorum*. Oh! that it would inspire me with the genius that once inhabited it!

FROM THE PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE.

Some circumstances relative to Merino Sheep, chiefly collected from the Spanish Shepherds, who attended those of the Flock of Paular, lately presented to His Majesty by the Government of Spain; with Particulars respecting that great National Acquisition; and also respecting the Sheep of the Flock of Negrete, imported from Spain by His Majesty in the Year 1791.* By Sir JOSEPH BANKS.

Soho Square, February 18, 1809.

SIR JOHN,

AT a time like the present, when Spanish wools, though at a price unheard-of in the annals of traffick, still continue to find a market; thus clearly proving, that their value, in the estimation of the consumer, is far above any price that has been hitherto offered for them by the manufacturer; and when we must all agree, that

the interruption of our trade with Spain may still continue for some time longer, I trust that a paper written with a view to facilitate the production of this valuable article in the United Kingdom, and to communicate some information relative to the important present of Merino sheep lately received by our most gracious Sovereign from the government of Spain, will be interesting to you, sir. I beg the favour of

* From Communications to the Board of Agriculture.

you, in case you shall approve it, to do me the honour of placing it at the disposal of the very useful institution over which you preside with so much advantage to the agricultural interests of this country.

I have the honour to be, sir,
Your obedient and faithful
humble servant,

JOSEPH BANKS.

Sir John Sinclair, Bart. President
of the Board of Agriculture.

A considerable part of Estremadura, Leon, and the neighbouring provinces of Spain, is appropriated to the maintenance of the Merino flocks, called by the Spaniards *tras-humantes*, as are also broad green roads, leading from one province to the other, and extensive resting-places, where the sheep are baited on the road. So careful is the police of the country to preserve them during their journeys from all hazard of disturbance or interruption, that no person, not even a foot passenger, is suffered to travel upon these roads while the sheep are in motion, unless he belongs to the flocks.

The country on which the sheep are depastured, both in the southern and the northern parts, is set out into divisions, separated from each other by land marks only, without any kind of fences. Each of these is called a *dehesa*, and is of a size capable of maintaining a flock of about a thousand sheep; a greater number of course, in the south country, where the lambs are reared, and fewer in the north country, where the sheep arrive after the flock has been culled.

Every proprietor must possess as many of these in each province as will maintain his flock. In the temperate season of winter and spring, the flocks remain in Estremadura, and there the ewes bring forth their lambs in December. As soon as the increasing heats of April and May have scorched up the grass, and rendered the pasturage scanty, they commence their march towards the mountains of Leon; and, after having been shorn on the road, at vast establishments called *esquileos*, erected

for that purpose, pass their summer in the elevated country, which supplies them with abundance of rich grass; and they do not leave the mountains till the frost of September begins to damage the herbage.

A flock in the aggregate is called a *cavana*. This is divided into as many subdivisions, as there are thousands of sheep belonging to it; each sheep, besides being sear-marked in the face with a hot iron when young, is branded after every shearing with a broad pitch brand, generally of the first letter of the name of the proprietor, and each subdivision is distinguished from the rest by the part of the sheep's body on which this mark is placed.

By the laws of the *mesta*, each *cavana* must be governed by an officer called *mayoral*; for each subdivision of a thousand sheep, five shepherds and four dogs are appointed. Some of these inferior shepherds obtain the office of *rabadon*, the duty of which is to give a general superintendance under the control of the *mayoral*, also to prescribe and administer medicines to the sick sheep. At the time of travelling, and when the ewes are *yeaning*, one or two extra shepherds are allowed for each thousand sheep.

The number of Merino sheep in Spain is estimated by Burgoyne at 6,000,000; these of course must be attended by 30,000 shepherds, and 24,000 dogs at ordinary times, and they find occasional employment for 5 or 10,000 additional persons in the seasons of lambing and of travelling.

In their journey, each subdivision is attended by its own shepherds and dogs, and kept separate, as far as may be, from all others. The duty of the dogs is to chase the wolves, who are always upon the watch when the sheep are on the road, and are more wily than our foxes. They are taught also, when a sick sheep lags behind, unobserved by the shepherds, to stay with and defend it, till some one returns back in search of it. There are, besides, in each subdivision about six

tame wethers, called mansos. These wear bells, and are obedient to the voices of the shepherds, who frequently give them small pieces of bread. Some of the shepherds lead; the mansos are always near them, and this disposes the flock to follow.

Every sheep is well acquainted with the situation of the dehesa to which its subdivision belongs, and will at the end of the journey go straight to it, without the guidance of the shepherds. Here the flock grazes all the day under the eyes of the attendants. When the evening comes on, the sheep are collected together, and they soon lie down to rest. The shepherds and their dogs then lie down on the ground round the flock, and sleep, as they term it, under the stars, or in huts that afford little shelter from inclement weather; and this is their custom all the year, except that each is allowed, in his turn, an absence of about a month, which he spends with his family; and it is remarkable, that the families of these shepherds reside entirely in Leon.

The shepherds who came with his majesty's flock were questioned on the subject of giving salt to their sheep. They declared that this is only done in the hottest season of the year, when the sheep are on the mountains; that in September it is left off; and that they dare not give salt to ewes forward with lambs, being of opinion that it causes abortion.

It is scarcely credible, though it appears on the best authority to be true, that under the operation of the laws of the *nesta*, which confide the care of the sheep to the management of their shepherds, without admitting any interference on the part of the proprietor, no profit of the flock comes to the hands of the owner, except what is derived from the wool. The carcases of the culled sheep are consumed by the shepherds,* and it

does not appear that any account is rendered by them to their employers, of the value of the skins, the tallow, &c. The profit derived by a proprietor from a flock, is estimated on an average at about one shilling a head, and the produce of a capital vested in a flock is said to fluctuate between five and ten per cent.

The sheep are always low kept. It is the business of each mayoral to increase his flock to as large a number as the land allotted to it can possibly maintain. When it has arrived at that pitch, all further increase is useless, as there is no sale for these sheep, unless some neighbouring flock has been reduced by mortality below its proper number. The most of the lambs are, therefore, every year killed as soon as they are yeaned, and each of those preserved is made to suck two or three ewes; the shepherds say, that the wool of a ewe that brings up her lamb without assistance is reduced in its value.

At shearing time the shepherds, shearers, washers, and a multitude of unnecessary attendants, are fed upon the flesh of the culled sheep; and it seems that the consumption occasioned by this season of feasting is sufficient to devour the whole of the sheep that are draughted from the flock. Mutton in Spain is not a favourite food; in truth, it is not in that country prepared for the palate as it is in this. We have our lamb-fairs, our hog-fairs, our shearling-fairs, our fairs for culls, and our markets for fat sheep; where the mutton, having passed through these different stages of preparation, each under the care of men whose soil and whose skill are best suited to the part they have been taught by their interest to assign to themselves, is offered for sale; and if fat and good, it seldom fails to command a price by the pound, from five to ten per cent. dearer than that of

* The shepherds, on discovering the drift of the questions put to them on this head, said that in settling the wages of the

shearers and washers, at the esquileos, allowance is made for the mutton with which they are fed.

beef. In Spain they have no such sheep-fairs calculated to subdivide the education of each animal, by making it pass through many hands, as works of art do in a manufacturing concern; and they have not any fat sheep markets that at all resemble ours. The low state of grazing in Spain ought not therefore to be wondered at, nor the poverty of the Spanish farmers. They till a soil sufficiently productive by nature; but are robbed of the reward due to the occupier, by the want of an advantageous market for their produce, and the benefit of an extensive consumption. Till the manufacturing and mercantile parts of a community become opulent enough to pay liberal prices, the agricultural part of it cannot grow rich by selling.

That the sole purpose of the journeys taken annually by these sheep is to seek food in places where it can be found; and that these migrations would not be undertaken if either in the northern or the southern provinces a sufficiency of good pasture could be obtained during the whole year, appears a matter of certainty. That change of pasture has no effect upon their wool, is clear, from all the experiments tried in other countries, and in Spain also; for Burgoyne tells us, that there are stationary flocks, both in Leon and in Estremadura, which produce wool quite as fine as that of the trashumantes.

The sheep lately presented to his majesty are of the cavana of Paular, one of the very finest in point of pile, and esteemed also above all others for the beauty of carcase. In both these opinions, M. Lasteyrie, a French writer on sheep, who lived many years in Spain, and paid diligent attention to the Merino sheep, entirely agrees. He also tells us, that the cavana of Negrete, from whence the sheep imported by his majesty in the year 1791 were selected, is not only one of the finest piles, but produces also the largest carcassed sheep of all the Merinos. Mr. Burgoyne agrees with him in asserting, that the piles of

Paular, Negrete, and Escorial, have been withheld from exportation, and retained for the royal manufactory of Gaudalaxara, ever since it was first established.

The cavana of Paular consists of 36,000 sheep. It originally belonged to the rich Carthusian monastery of that name, near Segovia. Soon after the prince of the peace rose into power, he purchased the flock from the monks, with the land belonging to it, both in Estremadura and in Leon, at a price equal to twenty French francs a head, 16s. 8d. English. All the sheep lately arrived are marked with a large M. the mark of don Manuel.

The number sent from Spain to the king was 2,000, equal to two subdivisions of the original cavana. To make the present the more valuable, these were selected by the shepherds from eight subdivisions, in order to choose young, well shaped, and fine woolled animals. This fact is evident, from the marks which are placed on eight different parts of the bodies of the sheep now at Kew.

The whole number embarked was 2,214. Of these, 214 were presented by the Spaniards to some of his majesty's ministers, and 427 died on the journey, either at sea or on their way from Portsmouth to Kew. His majesty was graciously pleased to take upon himself the whole of the loss, which reduced the royal flock to 1,573. Several more have since died. As the time of giving the ram in Spain is July, the ewes were full of lamb when they embarked. Several of them cast their lambs when the weather was bad at sea, and are rendered so weak and infirm by abortion, that it is much to be feared more will die, notwithstanding the great care taken of them by his majesty's shepherds. A few have died of the rot. This disease must have been contracted by halting on some swampy district, in their journey from the mountains to the sea at Gijon, where they were embarked, as one sheep died rotten at Portsmouth. There is every reason,

however, to hope, that the disease will not spread, as the land on which they are now kept has never been subject to its ravages, being of a very light and sandy texture.

It is well worthy of observation, that although the Swedes, the Saxons, the Danes, the Prussians, the Austrians, and of late the French, have, either by the foresight of their governments, or the patriotick exertions of individuals, imported Merino sheep, no nation has hitherto ventured to assert, that they possess the complete and unmixed race of any one cavana. This circumstance does not appear to have been attended to anywhere but in England; though, in fact, each cavana is a separate and distinct breed of sheep, not suffered by the Spaniards to mingle with others. The difference in value of the wool of different Spanish flocks is very great. At this time, when Spanish wool is unusually dear, the prima piles are worth more than 7s. a pound, and yet the inferiour ones scarce reach 5s.* Even the French, attentive as that nation is to all things that concern the interest of individuals, appear to have overlooked this circumstance, and to have contented themselves with making up the numbers of their importations, without paying any regard to it. They have not, at least, stated in any of their publications, that attention was paid to the securing sheep of a prima pile, and keeping the breed of that pile pure and unmixed, after they had obtained it.

Our merchants in Spanish wool range the prima piles in the following order of value, as appears by a statement in the year 1792.

Paular,
Negrete,
Muro, Patrimonio, and

Fifteen more, not necessary to be enumerated. M. Lasteyrie, the French writer on sheep, ranges them not very differently. He states them as follows. But both English and French agree, that all the prima piles are nearly equal in fineness of fibre, and consequently in value to the manufacturer.

Escurial, called by us Patrimonio,
Guadalupe,
Paular,
Infantado,
Montareo,
Negrete, &c.

The Danes, he tells us, procured their sheep from the best piles. But there is no appearance of their having, since they obtained them, kept the flocks separate, nor are they at present, so remarkable for fine wool, as the Saxons, whose wool is now at least, as fine as that of Spain is, upon an average of prima and second rate piles.

The Swedes were the first people who imported the Spanish breed. This good work was undertaken and completed by the patriotick exertions of a merchant of the name of Alstroemer, in the year 1723. The next who obtained an importation of Merino sheep were the Saxons, who are indebted for the benefits they enjoy from the improvement of their wools to the prince Xavier, administrator of the electorate, during the minority of the elector, and brother-in-law to the king of Spain. The prince obtained a flock of these valuable animals in 1766, and in 1778, an addition to it of 100 rams, and 200 ewes. The Danes followed his useful example, as also did both Prussia and Austria. Every one of these countries continue at this moment, to profit largely by the improvement these sheep have occasioned in their agricultural concerns. So far from truth is the too common assertion, that their wool will not continue fine in any country but Spain, that in the year 1805, when the ports of Spain were closed against us, a very large

* Since this was written, Spanish wools have risen to an exorbitant price. Prima Leonesa is this week rated in the Farmers' Journal at 20s. a pound, and Seville at 13s. 6d.

quantity of fine wool, the produce of German Merino sheep, was imported into this country from Hamburg, and used by our manufacturers as a substitute for Spanish wool. In truth, some of this wool was so fine that it carried, in the British market, as high a price as the best Spanish piles were sold for, in times of peace and amity.

In the year 1787, the king, guided by those patriotick motives which are ever active in his majesty's mind, gave orders for the importation of Merino sheep for his own use, and for the improvement of British wool. As it was doubtful at that time whether the king of Spain's license, without which these sheep cannot be embarked at a Spanish port, could be obtained, it was deemed advisable to make the first purchases in the parts of Estremadura, adjoining to Portugal, and to ship the sheep for England at Lisbon. The first importation of these valuable animals arrived in March, 1788, and a little flock of them was soon after completed; but as these were of various qualities, having been drafted from different cavañas, his majesty was pleased to order an application to be made to the king of Spain by lord Auckland, then his majesty's minister at that court, for permission to import some sheep drafted from one of the prima piles. This was obtained; and a little flock, consisting of 36 ewes, 4 rams, and 1 manso, arrived safe and well at Dover, in 1791. These sheep had made a part of the cavana called Negrete, one of the three piles restricted from exportation, and which is likewise remarkable for producing the largest carcased sheep that are to be found among the Merino flocks, as has been before stated.

On the receipt of this treasure (for such it has since proved itself to be) the king, with his usual prudence and foresight, ordered the whole of the sheep that had been procured by the way of Portugal to be disposed of, (which was immediately done) and directed the Negrete breed to be in-

creased as much as possible, and maintained in its utmost purity.

From that time to the present the opinion of the publick, sometimes perhaps too unwary, and at others too cautious, in appreciating the value and adopting the use of novel kinds of sheep, has gradually inclined to give that preference to the Merinos which is so justly their due. At first, it was impossible to find a purchaser willing to give even a moderate price either for the sheep or for their wool. The shape of the sheep did not please the graziers, and the wool-staplers were utterly unable to judge of the merit of the wool, it being an article so many times finer and more valuable than any thing of the kind that had ever before passed through their hands. The butchers, however, were less timorous. They readily offered for the sheep, when fat, a fair mutton price; and there are two instances in which, when the fat stock agreed for was exhausted, the butcher who had bought them anxiously inquired for more, because he said the mutton was so very much approved of by his best customers.

It was not, however, till the year 1804, thirteen years after their first introduction, that it was deemed practicable to sell them by auction, the only certain means of placing animals in the hands of those persons who set the highest value upon them, and are, consequently, the most likely to take proper care of them. The attempt, however, succeeded; and the prices given demonstrated, that some at least, of his majesty's subjects, had, at that time, learned to put a due value, on the benefit his royal patriotism offered to them. One of the rams sold at the first sale, for 42 guineas, and two of the ewes for 11 guineas each; the average price at which the rams sold, was 19*l.* 4*s.* and that of the ewes 8*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* each.

This most useful mode of distribution, has, since that time, been annually continued, and the sales have taken place in the beginning of Au-

gust. The last sale was held on the 17th of August, 1808, when the highest price given for a ram was 74*l.* 11*s.* for a ewe 38*l.* 17*s.* The average price of rams was 33*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* of ewes, 23*l.* 12*s.* 5*d.* a most decisive proof, not only, that the flock had risen very materially in publick estimation, but also, that the sheep have not, in any way, degenerated from their original excellence.

The wool, was at first, found to be quite as difficult of sale, as the sheep themselves. Manufacturers were therefore employed to make a considerable quantity of it into cloth, which, when finished, was allowed by both woollen-drapers and tailors, to be quite as good as cloth made of wool imported from Spain. But even this proof would not satisfy the scruples of the wool buyers, or induce them to offer a price at all adequate to the real value of the article. It was found necessary, therefore, to have the wool scoured, and to sell it in that state as Spanish wool, which, though grown in England, it really was. Thus managed, the sales were easily effected for some years, at a price equal to that demanded for the prima piles of imported Spanish wool, at the times when the bargains were made.

Time and patience, have, at last, superseded all difficulties; and his majesty's wool has now, for some years, been sold as clipped from the sheep's backs, the sheep having been washed, and the whole management of them carried on exactly in the English manner, at a price not lower than 4*s.* 6*d.* a pound, which, allowing for the loss of weight in the scouring, costs the buyer at least 5*s.* 6*d.* a pound, a tolerable price for Spanish wool, when plenty of it could be produced, though not possibly so high a one as ought to have been given, or as will be obtained for the Anglo-Negrete pile, when the value of the article is fully understood.

The race of another capital cavana has now been added to the riches of this country, the Paular, and the draught from it is larger than on any other occasion, has been suffered to leave Spain. The animals have been selected with skill and attention. The pile they belong to stands at the very top of our English list, and the sheep have been most fortunately placed at the disposal of our most gracious king, whose shepherds have demonstrated to the publick, in an experience of seventeen years of their management of these interesting animals, that they can not only continue the breed in its original purity, but can also preclude all danger of degeneration in the article of wool. What more can be wished for on this head?

That spirit of patriotism, which induced our sovereign to declare himself the protector of the purity of the Negrete race, will also, it is most earnestly to be hoped, induce his majesty to extend the same protection to the newly arrived Paulars. By this measure, and by this alone, the publick will be effectually guarded against all danger of the admission of impure blood, which the avarice of ill judging individuals, seeking after a premature improvement of the carcase, has too often, it is feared, introduced into our English flocks. Thus protected, the twofold treasure obtained for the advantage of his subjects by his majesty's wisdom and foresight, will become a perennial fountain of true Merino blood, to which those agriculturists who are wise enough to adopt the breed, may, from time to time, resort, to correct their errors, if they fall into bad practices, to carry on their crosses, if any such are found to be advantageous, to the highest degree of perfection, and to restore the originality of their stock, if, in consequence of any unsuccessful experiment, it should have suffered deterioration.

*Fashionable form of invitation to a
Bidding Wedding in Wales.*

WHAT is called a *bidding wedding* is well known in many parts of our island; but in very few, if any, is it maintained in so much simplicity and publicity as in Wales.—A very correct register is kept of the presents made on such occasions; and, as appears from a copy of an invitation of this nature, which we have been favoured with, and inserted below. The fulfilment of the obligations contracted on former occasions, is seriously and firmly demanded.—The following is copied correctly from the form printed and circulated on the occasion described in it. We are too late to add our “Donation;” and, therefore, can only offer to *David Jenkins* and *Mary Evans*, our best wishes for their mutual happiness.

N. B. The difference between this publick preliminary to the contracting of matrimony, and the marriage manufactory of Gretna Green, described *Select Reviews, &c.* vol. I. p. 116. Yet both are *institutions!* in the same island.

FEBRUARY 4th, 1809.

“As we intend to enter the Matrimonial State, on *Friday* the 3d Day of *March* next, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a BIDDING on the Occasion, the same day, at our Dwelling house, called *Ty'n-y-ffynnon*, in the Parish of *Llanddewi-aberarth*, when and where the Favour of your good Company is humbly solicited, and whatever Donation you will be pleased to bestow on either of us that Day, will be cheerfully received, warmly acknowledged, and readily repaid, whenever applied for, on a similar Occasion, by

Your very humble servants,

DAVID JENKINS,
MARY EVANS.

 The young Man desires that all Gifts of the above Nature, due to his late Father, may be returned to him on the said Day, and will be thankful with his Mother and Brothers for all Gifts conferred on him.—Also, the young Woman's Father and Mother desire that all Gifts of the above Nature due to them, may be returned to the young Woman on the above Day, and will be thankful for all Favours conferred on the young Woman.”

THE DUKE OF BOURBON.

THIS illustrious personage, who was taken prisoner at the glorious battle of Agincourt, suffered eighteen years confinement, and died in London, on the very day of his enlargement, after eighteen thousand pounds had been paid for his ransom.

CORNARO.

This celebrated Venetian, who wrote on the utility of an abstemious regimen, was, till his fortieth year, tormented with maladies that embittered his existence. He, at length, resolved to change his mode of living; and in one year after the observance of the temperate plan, his complaint entirely disappeared, nor had he ever afterwards occasion to have recourse to medicine. He continued healthful, and cheerful, to his eightieth year, retaining so perfectly his mental and corporal faculties, that he affirmed he could, at that age, perform most of those things that he had been accustomed to do in his youth. He died quietly in his chair, but little harassed either with sickness or pain, in 1631.

QUEEN HENRIETTA.

Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I. was, at the death of her father, Henry IV. but newly born. Barberini, who was afterwards Pope Urban VIII. being at that time Nuncio in France, came to offer his congratulations on her birth, and found that the queen mother would have been better pleased to have produced a son. Madam

said he, I hope before I die, to see this your youngest daughter, a great queen. And I, replied the queen, hope she will live to see you a Pope. These prophetical compliments were strictly verified, and that too within a short time of each other.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

The very ancient doctrine of the transmigration of the soul still prevails in many parts of the east, where it is facetiously said, that the souls of poets animate, after death, the bodies of grasshoppers, as these insects usually sing till they starve.

AT the assizes for one of the midland counties, a woman was tried for the murder of her bastard child, and after the Judge had taken great pains in explaining the provisions of lord Ellenborough's act, the jury acquitted her of the murder, and found her guilty of concealing the birth of the child. The prisoner next tried, was charged with stealing a goose, and the same jury, thinking that the law applied equally to both cases, acquitted the prisoner of the felony, but found him guilty of *concealing the goose!*

A nobleman (says Miss Edgeworth) inquiring of his Irish servant what was the cause of the noise he heard? —“It is the *singing in my ears*,” replied Pat, “and I have had it, your honour, these six months.”

LINES,

Presented to a beautiful Lady, who had two French dogs that slept regularly upon her pillow in muslin nightcaps.

YE mongrel race, who, lounge through Rotten-Row,
St. James's, Bond-street, and who talk
“Bow-wow;”
Who ape, with empty head, and curling lock,
The nat'r'al qualities of happier Shock;
Give up th' attempt—your trial is in vain,
The fair survey your labours with disdain;
CORINNA scorns such half-bred curs to wed,
And takes two perfect puppies to her bed.

METEORICK STONES.

ON the 19th of April 1808, at one o'clock in the afternoon, a great quantity of meteorolites fell in the commune of Pieve di Casignano, in the department of Taro (formerly the dutchies of Parma and Placentia). The air was calm, and the sky serene, but with a few clouds. Two loud explosions were heard, followed by several less violent, after which several stones fell. A farmer who was in the fields saw one fall about fifty paces from him, and bury itself in the ground. It was burning hot. A fragment of one of these stones is deposited in the museum at Paris.

JEVENILE LINGUIST.

Progress of the English language in allied countries being a *literal* copy of an advertisement (published out of compliment to the English garrison) for St. Ferdinand's Theatre at Palermo, on 10th January, 1807:—“Gasper Grifoni, a boy six years old, for his benefit's night shall expose on the stage four languages in mask, to wit, English, French, Spanish, and Italian, with a hobgoblin lackey, and a Greek Tragick, and Lappanio Spanish, and French servant.—One of the most tragical scenes, labour of the said boy who shall expose in the middle of such graceful and ridiculous representation.”

METEORICK STONE.

THE minister for the home department, has communicated to the imperial academy of Petersburgh, the following account of a meteorick stone weighing 160 lbs. that fell in the circle of Ichnow, in the government of Smolensko. In the afternoon of the 13th of March, 1807, a very violent clap of thunder was heard in that district. Two peasants in the village of Timochim, being in the fields at the time, say, that at the instant of this tremendous report, they saw a large black stone fall about forty paces from them. They were stunned for a few minutes; but, as soon as they recovered themselves, they ran toward the place where the stone

fell. They could not, however, discover it, it had penetrated so deep into the snow. On their report, several persons went to the spot and got out the stone, which was above two feet beneath the surface of the snow. It was of an oblong shape, blackish like cast iron, very smooth on all parts, and on one side resembling a coffin. On its flat surfaces were very fine radii resembling brass wire. Its frac-

ture was of an ashen gray. Being conveyed to the gymnasium of Smolensko, a professor of natural philosophy there, considered it at once, as ferruginous, from the simple observation of its being extremely friable, and staining the fingers. The particles of which it is composed, contain a great deal of lime, and of sulphurick acid.

The subjoined characteristick Anecdotes of several species of Birds are extracted from Shaw's General Zoology.

THE DWARF HAWK,

SMALLER than a Merlin: upper parts brown, the tail crossed by a few deeper bars: under parts white, marked on the throat and breast by oblong brown spots, and on the belly and thighs by narrow transverse bars. This small hawk is a native of the interiour of Africa, where it was observed by Monsieur Levaillant, who describes it as of a highly bold and spirited nature, preying on small birds, and occasionally driving away from its haunts, even the larger birds of its own genus, as well as Shrikes, &c. It builds on trees, forming its nest of small twigs, intermixed with moss and leaves externally, and lining it with wool and feathers. The eggs are five in number, spotted with brown near each end. The female bird is nearly twice the size of the male. Monsieur Levaillant relates a singular instance of the audacity of this species. He was sitting at a table, engaged in preparing some birds lately killed; when one of these hawks suddenly stooped, and seized one of the newly stuffed specimens, and flying with it to a neighbouring tree, began to plume and tear it open, but finding nothing but moss and cotton, seemed indignant at the disappointment; and, after tearing in pieces the skin, at length contented itself with devouring the head, the only part which remained in its natural state.

THE SHRIKE.

When this bird, says Levaillant, sees a locust, a mantis, or a small bird, it springs upon it, and immediately carries it off, in order to impale it on a thorn, and is so dexterous in this operation, that the thorn always passes through the head of the bird or insect thus transfixed. If it cannot find a thorn, it fixes the head of the animal between a division of two small branches, and this with as much address as if performed by human means.—We need only watch this shrike for a single minute in order to witness its ravages; and if we take the pains to examine the spot it frequents, we are sure to find on every bush and tree the victims which it has transfixed, the major part of which are often so dried as to be unfit for his food; a proof of his singularly destructive instinct.

It is often taught to fight by the natives of Bengal, one being held up opposite to another, on the hand of a man, to whose finger the bird is fastened by a string, sufficiently long to enable it to fly and peck at its adversary. It is said to be of a remarkably docile disposition, and is sometimes carried by the young Indians, in order to execute little commissions of gallantry; and, at a signal given by the lover, will seize and carry off with much dexterity, the small gold ornament usually worn on the head of a

young Indian lady, and convey it to its master. It will also, with admirable celerity, follow the descent of a ring purposely thrown down a deep well, catching it in its fall, and returning it to its owner. The Persian poets represent the Bulbul as enamoured of the rose, and grieved or angry, at seeing it rudely cropped.—Whatever may be said by poets and unscientific observers, Mr. Pennant has not scrupled to declare his opinion that the natural note of this bird is harsh and unmelodious. If this be the case, the musick of the Bulbul may be considered as nearly allied to the celebrated song of the Swan, so often recorded in the flights of poetick fiction.

PARADISEA TRISTIS.

This bird is a native of India and the Philippine islands, and is said to be of a very voracious nature, feeding both on animal and vegetable food, and is particularly fond of locusts and grasshoppers. On this head, the count de Buffon relates a curious anecdote. The island of Bourbon, where these birds were unknown, was overrun with locusts, which had unfortunately been introduced from Madagascar; their eggs having been imported in the soil with some plants which were brought from that island. In consequence of this, Mons. Deforges Boucher, governour general of the isle of Bourbon, and Mons. de Poivre, the intendant, perceiving the desolation which was taking place, deliberated seriously on the means of extirpating the noxious insects; and for that purpose, caused to be introduced into this island, several pair of the Paradise Grakle from India. This plan promised to succeed; but unfortunately, some of the colonists, observing the birds eagerly thrusting their bills into the earth of the new sown fields, imagined that they were in quest of the grain, and reported that the birds, instead of proving beneficial, would, on the contrary, be highly

detrimental to the country. The cause was considered in form. On the part of the birds, it was argued, that they raked in the new ploughed grounds, not for the sake of the grain, but the insects; and were, therefore, beneficial. They were, however, proscribed by the council; and, in the space of two hours after the sentence was pronounced against them, not a Grakle was to be found in the island. This prompt execution was however followed by a speedy repentance. The locusts gained the ascendency, and the people, who only view the present, regretted the loss of the Paradise Grakles. Mons. de Morave, consulting the inclinations of the settlers, procured three or four of these birds eight years after their proscription. They were received with transports of joy. Their preservation and breeding were made a state affair. The laws held out protection to them, and the physicians, on their part, declared their flesh to be unwholesome. After so many powerful expedients for their welfare, the desired effect was produced; the Grakles multiplied, and the locusts were destroyed. But, an opposite inconvenience has since arisen. The birds, supported no longer by insects have had recourse to fruits, and have fed on the mulberries, grapes, and dates. They have even scratched up the grains of wheat, rice, maize, and beans; they have rifled the pigeon houses, and preyed on the young; and thus, after freeing the settlers from the locusts, they have themselves become a more formidable scourge. This, however, is perhaps an exaggeration; since Mr. Latham in his second supplement observes, on the subject of this bird, that Mons. Duplessin, who had resided many years in the isle of Bourbon, had given his opinion that the Paradise Grakle might be advantageously introduced into that part of Spain nearest the coasts of Africa for a similar purpose, and added, that, so far from its having become a nuisance in the isle of Bour-

bon, the laws for its preservation were still in force.

This bird according to Buffon, is of the same lively and imitative disposition with the India Grackle, and when young, is easily taught to speak.

If kept in the poultry yard, it spontaneously mimicks the cries of all the domestick animals, hens, cocks, geese, dogs, sheep, &c. and this chattering is accompanied by many singular gesticulations.

POETRY.

STANZAS,
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO
MR. PRATT.

SWEET flower! that deck'st the river's brink,

Bending to every boisterous gale,
Arrayed in summer's lively pink,
From whom the bees existence drink,
As on thy bosom they regale,

Why dost thou here in silence dwell,
Secluded from the garden flowers?
Why leave the tribes of yonder dell,
Whose glaring tints profusely swell,
And spend alone the lingering hours?

When storms deface the laughing sky,
And thunders shake the vaulted air,
When lightnings thro' the welkin fly,
No friend, my charming flower! is nigh,
Thy matchless properties to spare!

Then vain indeed thy graceful mien,
And all thy attributes will prove!
In vain shall sorrow intervene,
Thy charms so modestly serene,
To shelter from the storms above!

Then tell me, flower, why thus alone
Thou lov'st in solitude to shroud!
Does malice on thy features frown,
Because they're chaster than her own,
Or dost thou hate the crowd?

"Alas! my friend! this lonely spot
"Has long my favourite station been;
"Here to the garden-tribe forgot,
"Their joys incestuously hot,
"I breathe the air of health serene!"

"Besides, the splendour of their dress,
"Outshines too much my languid hue;
"Nor will the moans of weak distress,
"Excite in them one fond caress,
"Howe'er my friend they may in you."

Then since 'tis thus, my sweetest flower!
Come! let me bear thee far away,

Where neither haughty pride nor power,
Can on thy matchless beauties lower,
Or spurn thy indigent array.

Thus genius blest with every grace,
To triumph o'er the human heart,
Withdraws to some sequestered place,
The mighty works of time to trace,
Unknown to all the schemes of art.

Thus PRATT with kind parental care,
Smiles on the pure poetick FLOWER,*
Retrieves it from the desert bare,
To thrive in more salubrious air,
And flourish with the circling hour!
Grafton-street, August, 1809. J. G.

A FRENCH SONNET OF THE 15TH CENTURY IMITATED.

Ah lovely babe! dear image of thy sire,
Sleep on the bosom which thy lips have
pressed;
Sleep, cherub, sleep! thy limbs some rest
require,
And close those tender eyes so much
oppressed!

Sweet little love! whilst you secure enjoy
Slumbers which long have fled from me;
I wake to view, to feed, to guard my boy.
My only comfort is to look on thee!

Hush, my dear child, my only hope, my
joy!
Sleep on that breast, which doth thy
life sustain:
Let me thy pretty voice once more enjoy,
Thy untaught prattle doth such charms
contain!

Ah lovely babe! dear image of thy sire,
Sleep on the bosom which thy lips have
pressed:
Sleep, cherub, sleep! thy limbs some rest
require,
And close those tender eyes so much op-
pressed!

JUVENIS.
• Joseph Blacket.

EDWARD AND ELLEN.

A modern Sonnet.

THE night in gloomy robe had long appeared,
Ere Edward sought the path that pointed home;
More for his Ellen than himself he feared,
For she, alas ! was little used to roam.

And now was seen the lightning's distant flash,
Its splendours spreading in th' horizon's brow,
Whilst deep-toned thunder rolled in awful crash,
Between the lurid lightning's fervid glow.

Poor Ellen shuddered at the coming storm,
And, trembling, staggered on her homeward road,
Whilst Edward strove to guard his fair one's form,
'Till they should gain some sheltering kind abode:
For she, poor maid—*was drunk!*—and Edward's care
Protected Ellen home from *Fairlop Fair!*

J. M. L.

SONNET, BY ANTHOCLES.

THE midnight storm is high; and sadness brings
To many a musing melancholy mind:
It seems the tempest on his dreary wings,
Bears tribulation: and the hollow wind
Is filled with boding voices: but to those
Whom blithe content surrounds, who deem it not
A sin to feel delight, the blast that blows
Is quickly perished, and its breath forgot:

Bright let the tapers beam: the ruddy fire
With heightened rosiness exalt the glow
Of woman's blooming cheek; and wine inspire
The open heart's exhilarating flow!
Who that is wise, would yield the passing hour
To bitterness; when bliss is in his power?

AIR.

Oh ! roses are sweet on the beds where they grow,
Fresh spangled with dews of the morn:
On Nature's kind bosom in safety they glow,
Protected by many a thorn.
There awhile in full richness exists the sweet flower,
'Till its fast falling leaves drop around;
There soon, of the charms of the pride of the bower,
There's nought but the thorns can be found.
Ah ! roses are sweet, but sweet roses will fade !

So fares it with Beauty, in life's early prime,
When armed with stern rigour the breast;
It blooms in cold pride, fresh and sweet for a time,
Then sinks into age still unblest !
Beware, then, ye maids, with too cautious an art,
How you guard your soft breast from love's woes,
Lest apathy spreading like thorns round your heart,
You at last drop alone like the rose.
For roses are sweet, but sweet roses will fade !

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

American Fir to be compared with that of Europe.

AT a meeting of the Dublin Society, held at their house in Hawkins street, on the 11th of May, various resolutions were passed.—It having been suggested to the society, that the timber imported from North America differs very materially, in quality and strength, from the timber which has, for many years past, been used in this kingdom; it was resolved—that

a committee be appointed to inquire into the truth of the above suggestion; and to report to the society on the comparative strength of Norway and Memel timber, with that of the timber of North America, in which the committee will distinguish the particular states of North America, whence the timber may have been imported, the comparative qualities of which, with those of Memel and Norway, shall be reported upon.

Sour Wine sweetened by Charcoal.

MR. CREVE, of Wisbaden, has discovered a method of recovering wine that has turned sour. For this purpose he employs powdered charcoal. The inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine have bestowed on him a medal, as a reward.

The following is Mr. Hume's new plan for detecting arsenick.

LET one grain of white oxide of arsenick and the same quantity of carbonate of soda be dissolved, by boiling in ten or twelve ounces of distilled water, which ought to be done in a glass vessel; to this let a small quantity of the nitrate of silver be added, and a bright yellow precipitate will instantly appear. This is a more decisive test than sulphate of copper. But though this process answers very well with potash, or even lime water, the common carbonate of soda ought to be preferred.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN page 104, of vol. xvi. your correspondent X. opposes what he calls the vulgar custom of applying oil, honey, &c. in cases of burns and scalds. But he must either have had no experience, or reasoned very superficially on the subject, if he supposes that the application of cold water can have any effect in relieving the pain. It is impossible that the heat or fire should remain in the flesh any considerable time after the accident has happened. The heat, therefore, which we generally feel about the part afflicted, proceeds from inflammation, which your correspondent forgets is the consequence and not the cause of heat. The fibres, by means of which we receive the sense of pain, are covered and defended from external matter by the third and innermost skin. This covering being destroyed or otherwise materially injured by fire, air or any other extraneous matter having access to the nerves causes exquisite pain, which water or wet cloths do but increase. Spirits of turpentine, which one of your correspondents suggests, or any other sort of oil, by supplying the place of a covering, instantly relieves the pain. If a blister be not very large, honey, or white lead, should be laid on to keep the air out. If it is large, it should be punctured, and oil applied; but the skin should not be taken off until it is dressed. The propriety of keeping the air from burns may be proved by any one who has courage to try the following simple

experiment: Let a drop of hot sealing wax fall upon the finger; bear the pain till it is gone off, and let the sealing wax remain upon the finger five or ten minutes; then take it off, and no marks of a burn will be found. On the other hand, a blister is raised, if it is instantly taken off. Glaziers use white lead whenever they receive burns from soldering irons. If you put your hand or foot into a basin of water rather hotter than you can bear, the pain is greater the moment you take it out, than while it remains in. Your's &c. C. T.

Account of Works constructed for the Manufacture of Mineral Tar, Pitch, and Varnish.

THREE considerable works were erected in Staffordshire, on the banks of the canal, for the purpose of procuring tar, pitch, and varnish from coal. One at Bradley, another at Tipton, and the third at the level colliery and iron works at Dudley-wood.

These tar works are erected in the vicinity of collieries and iron works. The masters of these works furnish the tar works with coals, for the coak which they produce; and leave the products of the process to the proprietors of the tar works, which are managed as follows:

A range of eighteen or twenty stoves is erected, and supplied with coal kept burning at the bottom. The smoke is conducted by proper horizontal tunnels, into a capacious closed funnel, of more than one hundred yards in length. This funnel is built with brick, supported by brick arches, and has a shallow pond of water formed on its top, which is filled when required by a steam engine belonging to the iron works. The cold of the water condenses the smoke which falls on the floor of the funnel in the form of tar, and is conveyed by pipes into a receiver, from whence it is pumped into a large boiler, and boiled to a proper consistence, or else it is inspissated into pitch, in which case, the vapour which arises during this inspissation is condensed into an oil, used for varnish.

No smoke is let to go to waste in these works, except a very little from some small funnels, which are kept open to give draught to the fires.

The process requires but little attendance, the principal labour being that of supplying the fuel. In one of the tar works twenty tons of coals are used each day, and three labourers with a foreman, are sufficient for the business; from this work about twenty-eight barrels of tar, of 2 1-2 cwt, are produced in six days, or twenty-one

barrels of pitch of the same weight. Some coal is so bituminous, as to yield one eighth of its weight of tar; but the above is the average produce.

In hilly countries, the stoves may be

erected at the foot of the hill, and the condensing funnel higher up: streams of water may, in such situations, be often found which can be made to supply the pond over the funnel, without pumping.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Hopkins & Earle, Philadelphia,

Published—Rush's Works.

Roccus's Manual of Maritime Law, translated from the Latin. By Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq.

An Original Essay on the Climate of the United States.

By Coale & Thomas, Baltimore,

Published—The first volume of The Maryland Reports; being a series of the most important law cases argued and determined in the Provincial Court and Court of Appeals, of the then Province of Maryland, from the year 1700, down to the American Revolution. Selected from the records of the State, and from Notes of some of the most eminent counsel who practised law within that period. By Thomas Harris, jun. Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and John M'Henry, Attorney at Law.

By W. Wells & T. B. Waite & Co. Boston,
Republished—The Works of Mrs. Chaponne: now first collected—Containing, 1. Letters on the Improvement of the Mind. 2. Miscellanies. 3. Correspondence with Mr. Richardson. 4. Fugitive Pieces. To which is prefixed, An account of her Life and Character, drawn up by her own family. In two volumes.

By several Booksellers in Boston,

Republished—The Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus. From the twelfth London edition.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Hopkins & Earle, Philadelphia,

Propose to republish—Walter Scott's Poetical Works;

The Hebrew Reader;

Bogue's History of the Dissenters; .

Howard's Greek Vocabulary.

A. Finley, Philadelphia,

To republish—A Dictionary of Quotations, in most frequent use, taken chiefly from the Latin and French; but, comprising many from the Greek, Spanish, and Italian languages; translated into English.

With illustrations, historical and Idiomatick. By D. E. Macdonnel, of the Middle Temple.

"He has been at a feast of languages, and stolen all the scraps." *Shakspeare.*

Benjamin & Thomas Kite, Philadelphia,

To republish—A Dictionary of Practical Surgery. By Samuel Cooper, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and author of The First Lines of the Practice of Surgery.

Also, The Child's Monitor. By John Hornsey. And, The Catechism of Health. By Dr. Mavor.

Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia,

To publish—The Dramatick Mirror, reflecting men and manners, with strictures on their epitome the stage.

Also, A System of Dissections, explaining the Anatomy of the Human Body, with the manner of displaying the parts; distinguishing the natural from the diseased appearances, and pointing out to the student the objects most worthy of attention, during a course of dissections. By Charles Bell.

To republish—Pinkerton's celebrated New Atlas.

By W. W. Woodward, Philadelphia,

Has in press, Scott's Theological Works, in five octavo volumes; three of which will be ready for subscribers in a few weeks, at \$2 25 per volume, bound. The other two volumes to be ready in the Spring.—Also,

Hervey's Works, complete, in six volumes, 12mo. Three volumes to be ready in about three months—the other three shortly after—\$1 per volume to subscribers.

Owen on the Spirit, in one 12mo. volume—to subscribers, \$1 12 1-2—to be ready about the beginning of the year.

Pocket Bible, a handsome edition—the New Testament is printed first, to sell separete for the pocket—the Old Testament, to bind with it, will be complete in the beginning of the year, or shortly after—bound a variety of ways, morocco, &c.

W. W. Woodward,

Will shortly put to press, the following Works—Second edition of Scott's Family Bible, in 5 quarto volumes, with maps, chronological tables, and a Concordance. The Bible can be subscribed for separate from the maps, &c. as the publick choose; or the maps, &c. without the Bible. The Bible with the maps, \$6 50 per volume; without, \$6—Maps, &c. boards, \$3, bound, \$4.—A large edition of the above mentioned work is disposed of.—W. W. W. will accommodate subscribers for the New or Old Testament separate, or together—the New Testament will be \$10, 2 volumes. Respectable commendations are attached to the Proposals for this work, as well as for the Theological Works of the author.

Gill's Commentary on the whole of the Old and New Testament, in ten quarto volumes—price to subscribers, before the first volume is printed, \$6 per volume, sheep—\$5 25 boards, and \$7 calf. The New Testament to commence first. High commendations are given for this valuable work. Some Baptist Churches of the first respectability, have commended the work—and requested the Churches throughout America, to aid the publisher, by each subscribing for a copy for their Ministers. W. W. W. will print from a new edition now printing in London—a part of which is come to hand.

Simeon's Helps to Composition, containing 600 skeletons of Sermons, with Claud's Essay on Composition, and ten complete Sermons on the Christian Armour, in five large octavo volumes—price to subscribers, \$2 50 per volume, bound and lettered.

Shrubsole's Christian Memoirs, in one volume—this work is contemplated for press in a short time. The above is in form of A New Pilgrimage to the Heavenly Jerusalem: containing by way of Allegorical Narrative, a great variety of Dialogues on the most interesting subjects, and Adventures of eminently religious persons—from the third edition, with the Life of the Author, about \$1 25, nearly 400 pages 12mo. With the Proposals are handsome commendations of the work. It is expected to be out early in the Spring.

The Christian Preacher, or, Discourses on Preaching, by several eminent Divines, English and Foreign, revised and abridged, with an Appendix, on the choice of books, with observations on the merits of their Authors. By Edward Williams, D. D. second edition with improvements, in one neat 12mo. volume.

W. W. W. expects also to put to press, in one volume, Sermons by James Finlay-

son, D. D. F. R. S. E. one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professor of Logick, and Metaphysics, in the University of Edinburgh—with an account of the Life and Character of the Author.

Gospel Gloss, representing the Miscarriages of English Professors, or a Call from Heaven to Sinners and Saints, by Repentance and Reformation, to prepare to meet God. By Lewis Stuckley—Recommended by Dr. Ryland.

J. Kingston, Baltimore, proposes

To republish, by subscription (with all convenient speed) in six parts, one dollar each part, A Dictionary of the Holy Bible, containing a historical account of the persons, a geographical account of the places, a literal, critical, and systematical description of other objects, whether natural, artificial, civil, religious, or military—And an Explication of the Appellative Terms, mentioned in the Old and New Testament—The whole comprising whatever is of importance to be known, concerning the Antiquities of the Hebrews, forming a body of Scripture-History, Chronology, and Divinity, and serving in a great measure, as a Concordance and Commentary to the Bible. Extracted chiefly from Eusebius, St. Jerome, Calmet, Reland, Maundrell, Brown, Arbuthnot, &c. collated with other works of the kind, with numerous additions from various authors, and a considerable quantity of original matter. By the Reverend and Learned James Wood. The first American Edition, carefully printed on a fine paper, royal size, from the European copy. These volumes will form a very valuable part of the Library for Ministers and People. The rapid sale of a long edition through England, Scotland, and Ireland, bears ample testimony.

John Vance & Co. Baltimore,

To publish—A new work, entitled, Washington, or Liberty Restored. A Poem in ten Books. By Thomas Northmore, Esq.

Ænedæ in ferrum pro libertate ruebant.

Æn. viii. 648.

Almighty Being ! who on the human mind Hast deep impressed the unutterable worth Of Heaven-sprung Liberty, and didst denounce

The curse of Ignorance with all its woes Upon that nation which should spurn her gifts;

To thee I call, and beg thy heavenly aid To uphold my mortal pinions while I sing, Freedom restored to half the peopled earth

By Freedom's noblest bulwark, Washington.

Philip H. Nicklin & Co. Baltimore,
Propose to republish—Rutherford's Ancient History.

Ephraim C. Beals, Boston,
To republish, by subscription—Jerusalem Delivered. A Heroick Poem. Translated from the Italian of Torquato Tasso. By John Hoole. First American, from the eighth London Edition, with Notes.

By Somebody, Boston,
To publish—"Tis Something—Nothing. On Saturday, Nov. 18, 1809, will be published, the first number of Something. To be continued weekly, if Nothing prevents. Edited by Oudeis-Nemo-Nobody, Esq.—Prospectus. The Editor of "Something" promises Nothing. Subscribers it is hoped may be found who will encourage "Something" of a literary nature, at the price of three dollars a year; one half paid in advance; for Something will come to Nothing if Nothing comes to Something.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The History of Canine Madness and Hydrophobia, with the Methods of Treatment, ancient and modern. By George Lipscomb, M. D. &c. &c. 8vo. 7s.

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A Map of the Southern Provinces of Holland, with Part of the Netherlands, 2s. 6d.

A new Map of Germany, Holland, Poland, Hungary, and Part of France. By Ignatius Heymann, head post master at Trieste, 9 sheets, 1l. 2s. on rollers or in case, 3l. 3s.

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late Bishop of Worcester, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

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